

# GEORGIAN SATIRISTS



Uniform with this volume

SWIFT'S POEMS

selected by Edgell Rickword

MANDEVILLE'S FABLE OF THE BEES

edited by Douglas Garman

\*

# GEORGIAN SATIRISTS

by

SHERARD VINES

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, HULL

LONDON

WISHART & COMPANY

9 John Street, Adelphi

1934

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW

## CONTENTS

					PAGE
SATIRES OF THE GEORGIAN ERA -	-	-	-	-	I
EDWARD YOUNG	-	-	-	-	55
RICHARD SAVAGE	-	-	-	-	76
ROBERT DODSLEY	-	-	-	-	86
CHRISTOPHER SMART -	-	-	-	-	97
CHARLES CHURCHILL	-	-	-	-	135
ROBERT LLOYD	-	-	-	-	157
CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY	-	-	-	-	168
TEXTUAL NOTES	-	-	-	-	192

# SATIRES OF THE GEORGIAN ERA

## I. THE SATIRIST'S POSITION

THE art of the eighteenth century still depended, especially in the earlier part, largely on the demands and purses of the aristocracy; and the aristocracy were in general becoming not merely richer, but more interested in beauty and erudition. Enlightenment was perceptible in (to take only some instances) Lords Halifax, Burlington, Chesterfield, Shaftesbury of the *Characteristics*, Lyttleton of Hagley, and the unpopular Bute who discovered William (later Sir William) Chambers. Production of that art in increasing quantities was nevertheless effected by a middle class moving gradually toward independence. From the beginning of the century men of culture congregated in clubs and coffee houses, those republics of the arts; and these associations persisted, from Addison's meetings with his friends at Button's or the Bedford Head to Dr. Johnson who with Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the Literary Club in 1764. By Dr. Johnson one might measure the advance towards literary emancipation and the consolidation of positions won since Pope had denigrated Lord Hervey. Johnson, who repudiated the faintest suspicion of patronage in the manner of Lord Newhaven (*vide* Boswell's Life, *ann.* 1779), gave offence to Lord Lyttleton's friends by his free opinion of that

peer, declared Bolingbroke to be a scoundrel and a coward, and observed, in reproving Chesterfield, that 'he had never had a patron before'. †

In Robert Walpole's day Young received a pension, though George II came to dislike him and evidently to regret the bounty, which had the Prince of Wales'‡ sanction—in itself a sufficient reason for his disgust; and to anyone who mentioned Young to him, his Majesty would make the gloomy reply, 'He has a pension'. George III was less oblivious than his two predecessors of the national culture which was so foreign to the Hanoverian dynasty. Johnson, somewhat late in the day, received a pension in 1762, and ineffectual attempts were even made to silence Peter Pindar's malignant hilarity with a *douceur*; by this time the burgess class of author was, if one may cite these two as valid examples, becoming more intractable and class-conscious. Yet the economic way to Parnassian freedom was not seldom arduous; Johnson had to borrow some five guineas from Richardson to keep him from a debtor's prison; the more careless Lloyd was 'clapt in the Fleet' for a debtor (*cf.* Churchill's *Independence*); Boyse wrote *The Deity* when in possession of no clothes except a blanket with two arm-holes cut in it; John Cunning-

\* Cf. his *Life of Lyttleton*, a brief and sometimes caustic account, e.g. 'his last literary production was his History of Henry II, . . . published with such anxiety as only vanity can dictate'.

† See Churchill's *Night* for a description of the miseries of patron-hunting.

‡ The Prince was exceptionally a patron of the arts. He also pensioned Thomson, and gave Glover £500.

ham led the life of a needy provincial actor; Dyson's generosity preserved Akenside from the dolours of poverty in London; Savage died in Bristol Newgate where, while he lived, he had been befriended by Beau Nash, a commoner of dubious parentage; and it is said that Churchill in his early days as a curate supplemented his inadequate stipend by keeping a public house. Churchill was the friend of Wilkes and, like Peter Pindar, against the government and established order; he opposed Johnson who, independent as he was, remained firm in Tory orthodoxy; it is *Pomposo* (Johnson) who 'damns the pension which he takes' (a malicious libel, though illustrative of a criterion for independence). By Churchill's time freedom and liberty are celebrated in no uncertain terms; 'proud oppression, jobs, places, preferments' (*Gotham*, III) are regarded askance; while his satire *Independence* is the very *credo* of the hard-won faith. With an eye on Bubb Dodington, he here exclaims:

Our patrons are of quite a different strain,  
With neither sense nor taste, against the grain,  
They patronise for fashion's sake,—no more—  
And keep a *bard*, just as they keep a *whore*.

Nor should it be forgotten that in 1733 Walpole, anticipating the Birmingham adventure of Mr. Lloyd George, was forced to disguise himself in an old cloak to escape the attentions of the mob outside the House of Commons and to shout with them, 'Liberty! liberty! no exercise!' The force of Savage's remark in *The Poet's Dependence on a Statesman* is easily seen:

or like camelions, fare  
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But it remained for Goldsmith and Crabbe to complete the moral picture of 'The Miseries of Patronage'. Circumstances and attitudes such as these suggest that satire was promoted by aspirations to freedom, and by the difficulties encountered by the writers in their struggle for that end; and this may help to explain the large quantity of satire, most of it excellent and valuable to a degree, that has still to be recognised, produced during the eighteenth century. There were, of course, other inducements, such as the classic tradition that fostered imitation of the ancients and didactic poetry; and there were the examples of Boileau, Dryden, and Butler. The struggle was not everybody's stimulus; it was not Young's, who dedicated his satires to patron after patron with an almost feverish persistence, and was equally notorious as a panegyrist (*Swift, Rhapsody on Poetry*):

Where Y—— must torture his invention  
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.\*

But it was there nevertheless, as a creative force which we cannot afford to ignore.

## II. INCENTIVES TO SATIRE

If conflict was one factor in arousing the satiric muse, daily events—social, literary, and political—afforded, as they continually do, a rich quarry of material for censure. It might be objected that later centuries have been

\* But, on the other side, in 'A New Session of the Poets' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, No. II, Feb. 1731) it is written of Y——g,

'... his satyr too much abounded with stings.'

richer in folly, and that an age-long revolt against reason, the extremists of which have regarded ratiocination as only a few degrees less flagitious than adultery, should upon this count at least have been much more prolific in satire than a period in which reason and the rules maintained at least a semblance of aesthetic equilibrium. But the argument cuts both ways; and that age of good sense and clear-cut standards might be expected to foster, as it did, keen powers of comparison, observation, assessment by rule, and criticism. It was an order of things such as this that made possible the peculiar concentration and pointedness which is the very soul of satire, and the fruit of intellectual discipline. Is it not significant that Shelley fulminated all too frequently and to little purpose about priests and kings, but achieved only one satire worth the name?\*

But reason was at least respected before 1798; not merely because Boileau had enjoined his 'aimez donc la raison'; not merely because Shaftesbury had hailed scepticism as a bulwark against the perils of faith; nor because Locke, depriving 'vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest', demonstrated that 'sense' and intuition reach but a very little way, and denounced the invasion by faith of reason's domain;† but also because a trend towards an independent use of the intellect and reasoning powers had been steadily developing ever since the martyrdoms of Ramus and Giordano Bruno,—a development in which Hobbes, Locke and Shaftesbury were subsequently instrumental. Satire, which arises out of

\* i.e. *Peter Bell the Third*.

† v. *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Book IV, chap. 18.

the conflict between reason and unreason, though this is not the sole conflict whence it originates, was symptomatic not merely of class-emancipation, but, as well, of the struggle toward independence of thought, sanity, and that sense of proportion that is encouraged by an accepted scale of proportions. Independence and an accepted scale may appear incompatible; but authority was re-examined in the light of reason, and room left for expansion and modification.\* The mode of criticising, from the position of the Aristotelian mean, vices of too much and too little, had been set in the previous century by Ben Jonson and the character-writers. Dryden shows that the golden age of satire (however much it might be the silver age of other literary forms) is to start with very high critical ideals; castigation must be performed with proper decorum, so as to maintain the good name of poetry and the dignity of a moral ideal which shall demand that men examine their notions 'whether or no' (as he quotes from Dacier) 'they be founded on right reason'.†

Satire was thus rightly considered as a force to be mobilised on the side of reason; and reason was the goal of that happy age. There is then nothing remarkable in the strength of the satiric movement in the eighteenth century, based as it was on the classic doctrine of the mean, or 'right reason'; no more than in the fact that the ideals of the next century, so radically different in their nature, should result in a paucity of satire.

Nor does it follow that the Georgian satirist should

\* As I attempted to show in *The Course of English Classicism*.

† *A Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire*.

defend his middle way with any less of fire and vigour than the 'intuitionist' might employ to defend his excesses. Lloyd and Cawthorne are at least abundantly alive: Churchill and Savage are capable of something like violence. Savage becomes ferocious on the topic of the law's partiality at Bristol, and Churchill, in *The Times*, furiously condemns the pederasty of his day. Smart attacks roguery in the notorious person of Dr. Hill, with scarcely less power and perhaps an even keener enjoyment; while the light infantry of Georgian satire, Lloyds, Cawthornes, Ansteys, Masons, and the like, skirmish actively on the wings to dislodge false taste, humbug, and aesthetic deserters from the classic camp.

### III. MATERIAL AND ITS USE

If there were fewer follies then than now, the critics, more vigilant, must have made the most of the matter available. It is true that some quite worthy people were called rogues and dunces for merely personal reasons. Shadwell, in spite of Dryden, deviated into sense; but Curr's record is not savoury, and Blackmore proved himself an ass. The eminent did not escape the rod; Churchill, who loved neither 'old lords fumbling for a clap' nor any other kind, was not only unremitting in his attacks on Bute and Holland, but turned savagely on Lord March and Lord Sandwich ('Jemmy Twitcher'),

When vices more than years have marked him grey;  
though it must be admitted that his motives for reviling  
Sandwich, with whom he was associated in the Hell Fire  
Club, were largely private, if not indefensibly so. Be-

tween, say, 1720 and 1770, our political leaders were, some of them, corrupt and inefficient. The Pelhams carried on Walpole's not very clean tradition, without his penetration or initiative. The unhappy affair of Minorca in 1736 gave the satirists an opening of which they were not slow to avail themselves (*cf.*, *A Political and Satirical History of the Years 1756, 1757, etc.*). Paul Whitehead (1710-1774) had, as early as 1733, classed among his State Dunces 'full-mouth'd Newcastle . . . aping a Tully', though later on he became more cautious, when attempting to hit off the brothers in *Honour* (1747):

Now view a Pelham puzzling o'er thy fate,  
Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate;  
And sage Newcastle, with fraternal skill,  
Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill.

But there was perhaps reason for this. After his *Manners* (1738), he had been summoned on Lord Delawar's motion to appear (though he did not) before the bar of the Lords for 'injurious imputations'. But, as he says, he 'cannot truckle to a slave in state'.

On the early years of George III's reign Bute shed no peculiarly radiant light, though caricature had broadly hinted, in the motif of the 'Boot and Petticoat', at an intimacy between him and the Princess of Wales.\* Deserving obscurity, he was yet forced to reflect the brilliance of two members of the Hell Fire Club,† Wilkes and Churchill. Wilkes had criticised in 1763 the King's speech, and especially such passages as alluded to the

\* For Bute's unpopularity see Thackeray, *The Four Georges*.

† See Chancellor, *Lives of the Rakes*.

Peace of Paris, for which Bute was largely responsible; and thus began Wilkes' ultimately victorious conflict with the government, in which he had Churchill's ardent support. 'While Bute remains in pow'r, while Holland lives, can satire want a subject?' he cried, and answered the question by returning to successive charges against this embarrassed statesman; hinting in *The Ghost* that he and his ministry would be none too energetic in keeping out the French; while in *An Epistle to William Hogarth* he tells us 'how Bute prevailed', with a truculent sneer at the Peace of Paris:

Point out the honours of succeeding peace;  
Our *moderation*, christian-like, display,  
Show what we got, and what we gave away.

But even less reputable peers were engaged in the dubious labyrinths of policy; of whom the lethargic George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, the son of a provincial apothecary, was an undistinguished\* example. As a public character he spent much time in dodging from party to party; as a private, in sleep, dissipation, and literary patronage which secured him the adulation of Young, Thomson, and Mallet. But Churchill, with characteristic freedom, blasted his character in *Independence*, and *The Ghost*, where we are told that vice and folly may 'with Melcombe seek Hell's deepest shade'.

Henry Fox, who became as Lord Holland the butt of Churchill's archery, left an unenviable political reputa-

\* Except that his trousers are said to have broken loose through his extreme corpulency, when he knelt to kiss Queen Charlotte's hand.

tion behind him. He deserted Pitt in 1755, on being offered a seat in the cabinet; and as paymaster of the forces vastly enriched himself at the country's expense. He turned upon his old friend Newcastle, and in 1769 was proclaimed the 'public defaulter of unaccounted millions' in a petition from the City of London. For Churchill he becomes a convenient antithesis to the pure-minded Wilkes:

What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl ?  
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.

(*The Conference.*)

Yet, granting that Wilkes had not the high moral outlook of a Kingsley or a James Douglas, Churchill is to be commended for supporting him against this squalid collection of Lords. Wilkes and Churchill had certainly been members of the Hell Fire Club, along with Sandwich, Dashwood, and Bubb Dodington; but the characters of the former two were superior. From the account given in Johnston's *Chrysal* it appears that Wilkes was disposed to make fun of the obscene mysteries at Medmenham, having upon one occasion loosed a baboon upon the initiates; and Churchill satirised them in *The Candidate*, where he also alludes, as elsewhere he does frequently, to Paul Whitehead, denouncing him this time as the miserable parasite of Dashwood. Wilkes and Churchill had in them sufficient of the stuff of nobility to stand defiantly aloof; and when Sandwich took part in the persecution of Wilkes, Churchill trounced him soundly (v. *The Candidate*). Paul Whitehead was 'kept' as a tame satirist by Dashwood, famed for his cider-tax and other financial fatuities.

The Hell Fire Club's Medmenham practices, if indecent in themselves, did no harm to any but the participants. But some forms of upper class roguery proved less elegant and more noxious. Such were the pranks of the Mohocks, who established themselves in 1712 and haunted the streets of a night with drawn swords and the courage of wine, in order to mutilate unprotected pedestrians. 'Who', asks Gay in *Trivia*, 'has not trembled at the Mohock's name?' Unpleasant customs of the kind were still familiar in Johnson's time when

Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.  
(*London.*)

But if a drunken gentleman were liable to slit your nose, a sober one would rob you at play. Captain Cormorants might be found not only in the fashionable circles of London, but at such watering-places as Epsom, Tunbridge Wells, and Bath, lying in wait for gulls and pigeons. The Captain's behaviour is described by Mr. Simkin B—rn—rd in a letter to his mother (Anstey's *New Bath Guide*):

Captain Cormorant won when I learnt lansquenet;  
Two hundred I paid him and five am in debt.  
For the five I had nothing to do but to *write*,  
For the Captain was very well bred and polite,  
And took, as he saw my expenses were great,  
My bond, to be paid on the *Clodpole* estate;  
And asks nothing more, while the money is lent,  
Than interest paid him at twenty per cent.

Mr. Blunderhead was fortunate in escaping the crown of miserable folly—a challenge.\*

\* See Smart, Fable VI, *The Duellist* (in this volume).

Hogarth's and Gillray's caricatures reflect the sharp practice in vogue at the card tables of 'high life'; but if large fortunes were won with guile, they were lost with recklessness. Charles James Fox and other such distinguished gamblers set an example which, it appears, was followed not only by the smaller fry at the clubs but by the servants. The servant in Cambridge's *Dialogue*\* wishes to know why he should not pawn his livery for gin when bonds and mortgages are being staked at White's and kindred places where they 'gull the prentice'. In this *Dialogue*, a modernisation of a satire of Horace's, the vices of the average 'man about town' are usefully tabulated; dice and the doxy, cuckold-making, stuffing 'high ragouts', 'races, routs, the stews, and White's', recur until a diseased old age puts a period to the routine. And yet, the saucy footman complains, these voluptuaries are the very people who are attempting to suppress the pleasures of the lower classes, and rob the British lacquey of his gin and his drab. The M.P. to whom he makes this complaint is seriously vexed. Here is an interesting comment on that sort of hypocritical but 'grandmotherly' legislation that has still, in this century, its attractions for the satirist. Smart (Fable VI) knows the type that is at 'whoring, jockeying, and gaming'. William Whitehead† has a further observation to make on the brainless young spark of his time, who, though he was fond of talking loudly in public places, was compelled to make up for the scarcity of his epithets by the constant repetition of

\* Richard Owen Cambridge (1717-1802).

† 1715-1785.

one, 'damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and damn'd sublime' (*A Charge to the Poets*).

If upper class irregularities (in which some of the poets would take part if they could, as Lloyd, Whitehead and Churchill could) provided a theme for satire, and were perhaps especially noted by the pioneers of independence, the foibles of the professional and bourgeois sections were not neglected. Whether these persons continued as servile hangers-on of the great, or whether, self-made, they invited ridicule with their injudicious display and clumsy travesties of taste (that invention of the Augustan age), their value as subject-matter for the satirist was considerable. Of the former parasitic class the clergyman was a convenient example. Hoadly, says Thackeray, was cringing from one bishopric to another; Warburton was a climber and a casuist and, according to Churchill (*The Duellist*), would have shoved Christ against the wall, had he met him in the street. His *Dedication* exposes Warburton as the very type of self-seeking, irreligious pedant that achieves the episcopal throne. Pope, with a wink towards Dr. Kenett, noted how

... servile chaplains cry, that birth and place  
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace.  
(*Second Epistle of Second Book, Im. of Horace.*)

Cawthorne comprised in his Letter to a Clergyman some advice on preferment (a new wig and smart gown are essential), and names the goal of the clergy, viz. 'what a bishop fleeces in procurations, fines and leases': while Churchill (once more), who knew much about rascally clerics, since he was one himself, though he had

too much self-respect to remain a sycophant and parasite of the Medmenham patrons, describes in *The Ghost* (Book III) the plump chaplain comfortably situated in a feudal household, where he lives, 'full of beef and pray'r'. Dodsley, the literary footman, observes in his *Art of Preaching* that 'we daily see dull loads of reverent fat' with no pretence either to virtue or to learning; and sets forth the qualifications requisite for the chaplain of a duke or lord:

If stoutly qualified to drink or smoke,  
If not too nice to bear an impious joke,  
If tame enough to be the common jest,  
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

There is the ring of truth about Dodsley's simple and unambitious strictures.

The pious reader might, while regretting that such abuses marred the Anglican orthodoxy at its most frigid phase, protest that the spiritual counterblasts of Evangelicism and Methodism were conducted with the purest fervour, the most unexceptionable propriety. Unfortunately it was otherwise; unless all the satirists were liars, there were here numerous causes for dissatisfaction. Henley's gilt tub, with Henley on top of it, was a fair target for the wit of Pope and Smart;\* Swift's remarks in prose on the physical basis of some kinds of religious enthusiasm† have been paralleled fairly recently by Mr. Caradoc Evans;‡ and

\* Cf. the notes to *The Hilliad*.

† Cf. *A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* (1710).

‡ As in his novel, *Nothing to Pay*.

it can scarcely be allowed that Churchill wrote of 'canting tabernacle brothers' and 'she-saints who . . . talk about God and lust for man' for the mere satisfaction of offering a gratuitous insult; this was not his way. We know of at least one she-saint of ill repute, besides, of course, pious Mrs. Needham,\* who stood in the pillory. This was Mother Douglass, the well-known bawd, mentioned in Paul Whitehead's Epistle to Dr. Thomson (or Thompson); she is also painted at full length by Foote in *The Minor*, as 'Mrs. Cole', and by Johnston in *Chrysal* as 'Mrs. Brimstone'; and she was alleged to be the hypocritical associate of George Whitefield the preacher.† Johnston presents a scene of brawling and looseness in which Whitefield appears in quite as unfavourable a light as does the old lady; 'the rest of the night was devoted to mirth, and concluded with a song in character by each of the company, of which Momus's was the most humorous, . . . the matron's the loosest, and the doctor's' (i.e. Whitefield's) 'the most daringly profane'. If Whitefield's withers were unwrung (and Cowper indignantly claims this for 'Leuconomus'‡), it seems that the charge went home to other members of the canting brotherhood. Anstey, with a kind of surreptitious innuendo that is slightly reminiscent of Sterne, makes it clear enough that he looks upon the wheedling type of Methodist as a lecherous hypocrite; and adds a footnote to the effect that it was the Papistic as well as the Methodistic practice to convert

\* *The Dunciad*, II, l. 324.

† See also Graves, *The Spiritual Quixote* (1772).

‡ *v. Hope*, for his account of Whitefield, whom he there calls Leuconomos.

by means of seduction. Owen Cambridge was apparently drawing attention more delicately to the same kind of shortcomings in his *Elegy on an Empty Ballroom*, where he actually mentions Whitefield by name; but while he does not directly impute evil, venom may be suspected in the lines referring to 'Whisp'ring Whitf—d'.

The methodist in her peculiar lot  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot,  
 Though single happy, tho' alone is proud  
 She thinks of Heav'n (she thinks not of a crowd),  
 And if she ever feels a vap'rish qualm  
 Some drop of honey, or some holy balm,  
 The pious prophet of her sex distils,  
 And her pure soul seraphic rapture fills;  
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
 And whisp'ring Whitf—d prompts her golden dreams.

Young includes in his fifth Satire an allusion to 'Isaac,\* a brother of the canting strain' who converts or victimises the devout Maria:

O how his pious soul exults to find  
 Such love for *holy* men in womankind.

Savage (*London and Bristol delineated*) displays a knowledge of 'canting cobblers' who buffoon the gospel. The implication in all the passages referred to above seems to be sufficiently obvious: and allowing for the satiric exaggeration which from Ben Jonson onwards had been a license duly claimed, one may conclude that the aspersions were not altogether groundless.

Quacks of the body were not exempted in favour of these quacks of the soul; and Hill received at Smart's hands as sound a drubbing as Warburton got from

\* See note to text on 'Isaac'.

Churchill, not, it is true, primarily because he practised medicine, though the professional aspect is kept to raise a laugh:

And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe,  
Th' ear-shifting syringe and back-piercing pipe,  
Farewell,

but because of his literary efforts as 'Inspector', the pseudonym under which he wrote in *The London Advertiser*.\* Hill was a quack who tried, but failed, to impose on the Royal Society with his 'scientific' essay *Lucina sine Concubitu*†; but he varied ineffectual practice and theory with journalism and the writing of bad plays. Churchill includes him in *The Rosciad* as 'actor, inspector, doctor, botanist', and calls him Proteus Hill. We learn from one of the notes to *The Hilliad* that he blew a trumpet in a pantomime; and is mentioned by Fielding as a trumpeter, in his account of a riot at Drury Lane Theatre. Paul Whitehead aims in passing some of the usual taunts at the medical faculty: 'mark', he exclaims, 'how the college peoples every grave' (Epistle to Dr. Thompson). There were those, however, who maintained that it was Dr. Thompson, and not 'the College', who was the charlatan, when sides were taken in the dispute which occurred over the last illness of Frederic Prince of Wales. His recommendations were rejected, and the Prince died; 'but since it's only Fred who was alive and is dead, there's no more to be said'. Probably neither side was competent to save him. Churchill, who disliked both Armstrong and Smollett,

\* Its full title was *The London Advertiser and Literary Gazette*.

† v. Notes to *The Hilliad*.

speaks contemptuously in *Night* of the medical theory current in his time. 'Hence', he cries, 'to old women with your boasted rules, stale traps——,' in a passage that reveals a strongly Shavian attitude toward therapeutics.

Anstey has his fling at the doctors of Bath. They are introduced into the sick-room in a mob, arguing now about Portugal, Newcastle and Bute, and now about a *Tenesmus* and the *Plicae*; they are dismissed in a shower of pills, boluses, and apozems, indignantly hurled after them; a cathartic soaks the wig of one, while 'squash went a gallipot under his feet'. Their science proves to be as ineffective for the patient as it is lucrative to themselves. Mr. Simkin, after purging five times, still 'finds the same gnawing and wind in his belly'; but, cure or no cure, he laments over the bill for 'drugs, nurse, and physicians' in a subsequent letter.

Savage is generous enough, in *London and Bristol delineated*, to distinguish the shameless quack of poison and *boniment*\* from the true physician. But Henry Brooke (author of *The Fool of Quality*) regards the profession with a more callous disapproval, when the speaker of one of his epilogues declaims:

Since Galen, in slopping, and doseing, and drugging,  
Gave rules for the physical branch of humbugging;  
The patient when once duly drained of his treasure,  
Is welcome to die—or recover—at leisure,

though he has words equally unkind for the parson and the lawyer. Churchill (*The Ghost*, III) gives in rapid succession miniatures of quack doctors, divines, and

\* The advertisements of Dr. Rock and similar charlatans may be seen in the *London Daily Advertiser*.

lawyers; the business of the first being to fill the mansions of the dead—a joke indestructible by time—and among the last are serjeants dancing a jig, and barristers learning to thrum on the guitar, 'whilst laws are slubber'd o'er in haste'. Savage's onslaught on the lawyers of Bristol is conducted with relish and vigour. Johnston paints in the prose of *Chrysal* (chaps. xxvii-xxix) a more sinister picture of corrupt justice; the bench is subsidised by the bawdy-house, felons purchase their freedom, criminal cases are faked with cynical indifference. He took his subjects, or at least his particulars, from the life; and these chapters, when the 'caricatura' of the age is duly discounted, have a ring of history about them that is absent from the well-worn jibes of more careless writers like Lloyd (*A Familiar Epistle to J. B. Esq.*), or John Gilbert Cooper (*The Patient of Aristippus*). Fielding's magistrate, Mr. Thrasher (in *Amelia*), the spiritual ancestor of Mr. Nupkins, is very humanly and tangibly crass: 'Sirrah, your tongue betrays you. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me.' Clearly, the corrupt magistrate was a staple feature of Georgian days; and William Woty (the friend of Lloyd, who dedicated his *Whim* to him)\* sets him up as one of the types illustrating ambition in *The Man Of Honour*. He bears a very close tribal resemblance to Johnston's magistrate:

Pleas'd to the soul he gives to harlots laws,  
And sifts the very cinders of each cause;  
For petty faults commits the lower tribe,  
But winks at greater—for he loves a bribe.

\* Lloyd and Churchill both subscribed handsomely to Woty's *Blossoms of Helicon*.

He was one type of legal monstrosity, and 'the vultures of the human race from Temple or from Lincoln's Inn', as Cooper calls them, of another.

It may be true enough that Bourgeois ascendancy in Literature was established in the eighteenth century; but if the citizen took to reading and play-going for his entertainment then more than previously, he would not always find himself flattered as much as a public with new potentialities might expect. He might go to Drury Lane to see *The Minor*, by Foote, and be told how 'the sleek, crop-eared prentice used to dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm', and that the estimable vices of hypocrisy, couzenage, and avarice were typical of the fine old civic spirit. Off the stage his manners would be noted by satiric writers in prose and verse, for the amusement of patrons it might be, but also because of that antagonism of temperament between the artist and the Philistine which had been at the bottom of much literary controversy in the sixteenth century, from Gosson onwards. Mallet's *Tyburn* is equipped with a rope for the shopkeeper:

Nor let my cits be here forgot:  
They know to sin, as well as sot.

Late risen from their long regale  
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,  
Abroad the common-council sally  
To poach for game in lane or alley;  
This gets a son, whose first essay  
Will filch his father's till away;  
A daughter that, who may retire,  
A few years hence, with her own sire:

And, while his hand is in her placket,  
The filial virtue picks his pocket.

Lloyd exhibits a less odious but equally droll aspect, when he describes the 'cit's' philanderings with Taste. The Mrs. Thriftys of London are bitten with the modes which eighteenth-century aesthetic had by this time diversified (1757); and their country boxes are to be laid out in the Gothic or Chinese gusto. A four-foot ditch has a wooden arch flung across it, with 'angles, curves, and zigzag lines', the value of which Hogarth and others were discussing.

For those with classic leanings there are to be squabby Cupids, Venus, and the clumsy Graces. Mrs. Thrifty thus wins a reputation as connoisseur from the common-council men who flock thither by dozens 'to stare about them, and to eat'. Churchill (*Night*) exposes a third aspect, the political cit talking nonsense about Pitt and Europe, now fatuously optimistic, now panic-stricken with the suspicion of a plot:

Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head  
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.

The ignoramuses of Dodsley's *Modern Reasoning* talk even sadder balderdash.

While city life is under review, it is worth mentioning that the sanitation of the age, such as it was, is not forgotten by our satirists. Pope knew Cloacina's black grotto near the Temple wall and

. . . where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams  
Flings the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames  
(*Dunciad*, II)

where the nymphs Lutetia, Nigrina, and Merdamante play. Smollett, upon whom a few shreds at least of Swift's coprophilous mantle had descended, wrote in a burlesque ode against Lyttleton of 'oil-dropping Twickenham', and

... where to mix with offal, soil, and blood  
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood,

and

... where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs.

Gay's *Trivia* yields the richest account of London streets, busy with hucksters, prentices, thieves, chairmen, harlots, and the scavenger, Cloacina's 'brown lover', with his nightly cart: and Gay does full justice to Fleet Ditch, with its tributary kennels and sewers.

Of the perennial satire on woman, examples may be selected to illustrate those of her failings that appealed most to the Georgian poet, ranging from Mallet's coarse indictment to the playful seriousness of Young. The former's Hudibrastic *Tyburn* complains of the habits of ladies of threescore, who not only enamel themselves copiously, but rush with intrepidity into vice,

Put modest whoring to the blush;  
And with more front engage a trooper  
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.

Soame Jenyns wrote *The Modern Fine Lady* in 1750 against that life of pleasure and 'the giddy whirl' that society women are supposed to lead. There is no time for true love; appointments with beaux, or at the gaming table, keep her as fully occupied as Cambridge's *roué*, until

Ere long, by friends, by cards,\* and lovers cross'd,  
Her fortune, health, and reputation lost,

she makes a marriage of convenience. The sequel follows immediately. Deriving no transports from the bridal bed, she becomes once more 'a prostitute from curiosity' and a gambler. Ruined for the second time, she is banished to the country where, from motives other than those of the Wordsworthian nature-erotic, she 'starts and trembles at the sight of trees' or scolds the curate's wife. Smart, who like Prior could write pretty verses to barmaids, refers slightly in his *Widow's Resolution* to the preference of English women for Irish officers,—a point made also by Soame Jenyns; this may have been a 'period' fashion, but his fable *Madam and The Magpie* is merely an example of the jokes about scolding women that pervade every epoch. Joseph Warton (1722-1800) is more topical in the details of his satire *Fashion*, where he is serious and outspoken in the Augustan tradition,—despite his opinion of Pope. Muscalia, drinking chocolate and stroking Fop, leaves her piquette\* but seldom for her children:

Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,  
'For oh, they stun one's ears, like squalling cats!'

But the weaknesses that he discovers in women are of the Type; he is correctly universal in his censure of

\* v. *The Compleat Gamester, or Instructions how to play at all manner of usual, and most gentile Games*, etc., 1709. By C. Cotton. Besides Picket, Gleek, L'ombre, Lanterloo, Crib-bidge, French-Ruff, Whist, etc., it gives instruction in several games with dice, billiards, and cock-fighting; in the technique of cheating, and in the several kinds of cheats, huffs, hectors, budgies, and the like.

'the fair' who crowd admiringly round an exquisite 'curd-fac'd Curio'. It is the setting that is topical; the Mary's mobs, and figure-concealing costumes that were still the mode until the dancer Miss Rose popularised, in 1796, the mode for more exiguous garments; the feather'd hat, and the prattle of Vauxhall, Garrick, or *Pamela*. His remarks on the force of public opinion in keeping vices dark are again applicable to-day, as yesterday: but it is not, perhaps, to twenty porters that the modern Hippia would grant her favours, did the world refrain from talking; this obsession, like that for the Irish officers, seems to belong to less fastidious times.

Thomas Blacklock (1721-1791), who wrote *Advice to the Ladies*, was another late follower of the Augustan tradition. He too brings up for judgment such expected and antique follies as Flavia's marriage to 'peevish seventy with five thousand pound, . . . the paralytic nerve, and hoary beard'; but the punishment is gentler than Warton's or Jenyn's, and a certain vagueness, and absence of the stigmata of conviction, suggest a polite exercise—at least in comparison with the savage vigour of his elder compatriot Mallet. The fifth and sixth satires in Young's *Love of Fame*, though notable for a studied generality, inform us on some peculiarities of Georgian woman;\* of her craze for astronomy out of compliment to the ingenious Newton and Lord Orrery, her behaviour in church, her gaming habits, her dabbling in the new 'free thought', or her love of sport. He is careful not to exclude Daphne, the 'highbrow':

\* Horace Walpole claimed to have discovered some concrete sources of Young's types. See notes to Young's Satire V.

With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits  
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits.

Young's is not the method of ferocity; and thanks to Horace, his lectures upon the sins of society aim at amusement as well as instruction. He followed openly the jocular satiric way, aspiring in Satire I

The courtly Roman's shining path to tread,  
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead.

Literary politics made it obligatory for the satirists to assail their own kind; and, as Lloyd says, 'authors' wranglings will create the very quintessence of hate'. As far back as Elizabethan days Nashe, Greene, and Harvey had been embroiled; Jonson had his famous set-to with Dekker and Marston over the little eyases; Dryden remarked, as leader of the poetic opposition, that Shadwell's chief distinction was his stupidity. Under Georgian conditions, from Pope onward, the battles continued. *The Dunciad* and other of Pope's satires bristle with literary insult; Lloyd calls Murphy the dramatist a raker of dung, and Churchill ridicules Johnson, who, in his turn, has hard words for Mallet and Churchill. This last also came to dislike Paul Whitehead. Both were for some time attached to the Medmenham brotherhood; but Whitehead was probably never intimate or in sympathy with the considerably younger Churchill, who looked upon him as a prurient old parasite, and described him as such in *The Candidate* and elsewhere. Churchill takes off Pomposo (Johnson) briskly enough in *The Ghost*:

Horrid, unwieldy, without form,  
Savage as ocean in a storm,  
Of size prodigious, in the rear.

Mason, the poetical parson of Hull extraction, disliked and scourged a good many of his contemporaries, especially Sir William Chambers.\* For him David Hume was 'the fattest hog of Epicurus' sty; tho' drunk with gallic wine': Macpherson (*i.e.* 'Ossian' Macpherson) is 'Mac-Homer' who makes you gabble Erse: and he will even kick the dead dog\* Mallet, or Malloch, a competent satirist and the 'beggarly Scotchman' of Dr. Johnson's tirade (as recorded by Boswell). Beattie likewise pollutes the grave of the dead Churchill with some extremely ill-natured lines† to which a fragment of cringing self-excuse is prefixed. After Churchill's impolite Scots Pastoral *The Prophecy of Famine*, something of the sort might have been expected from a country that takes for its motto '*nemo me impune lacessit*': and Beattie, choosing the right moment for his punitive measures, wrote safely of 'hard-fated Bufo':

Driveling and dull, when crawls the reptile Muse,  
 Swoln from the sty, and rankling from the stews,  
 With envy, spleen, and pestilence replete,  
 And gorg'd with dust she lick'd from Treason's feet...

\* *v. An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, published 1773. In this passage he is echoing the jibes against Scotchmen of *The Prophecy of Famine*. He aspires, in his *Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare* (published 1777), to be 'a second Churchill', and like his model, he makes fun of Johnson:

O for a thousand tongues, and every tongue  
 Like Johnson's, armed with words of six feet long,  
 In multitudinous vociferation  
 To panegyricise this glorious nation.

† Lines on the Report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of a late Author (1765).

while later on he compares him to a mushroom nurtured on mildew and dung.\*

Thomas Warton, when he became poet laureate in 1786, received the attentions of the satirists. The authors of *The Rolliad*,† in their Probationary Odes and miscellanies, made fun of his irregular ode on His Majesty's Birthday (1785), laying down a table of comic directions, where he is instructed, *inter alia*, not to repeat the word 'Hail!' more than fifteen times at farthest, and 'that it may not be amiss to be a little intelligible'. Elsewhere he is represented as going up in a balloon from Christchurch Meadow, on which occasion he did not allow poor Joseph to accompany him, 'apprehending the malicious construction that might follow on this, as if, forsooth, my intended Ode was to be a joint production'. Peter Pindar had his knife even more deeply into Warton, if one may judge from *Ode Upon Ode*, mainly, of course, because it was now his trade to flatter George III, Peter's favourite butt; and 'Tom' sublimely sings 'of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings'. The 'facetious authors of the Probationary Odes', as Chalmers calls them, do not confine their activities to Warton; there is an ode in the style of Ossian in which the king is observed, in the new fashion of 'Celtic glamour', sitting on mist:

Thy form is like a watery cloud,  
Singing in the deep like an oyster! ! !

\* Falconer (another Scot and author of *The Shipwreck*) attacked Churchill and Wilkes in *The Demagogue*, 1764-5.

† Who included Richard Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, George Ellis, J. Richardson, R. Tickell and Laurence.

But here, as in the parody on Mason's Ode to William Pitt, the satire is two-edged; there are cuts at the author parodied ('be mine the BUTT OF SACK'), and at Georgian politicians as well. In one of the pieces, *The Westminster Guide*, it does not seem, indeed, as though the parody on Anstey's *New Bath Guide* was intended to contain any sting. The venom is reserved for the politicians, to the correcting of whom Anstey receives a quite friendly invitation. But there is a malicious allusion to Anstey in Mason's *Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare*, where he is accused of being too feeble to 'run two heats of wit'.

It is due to most of the authors mentioned above to say that their personal quarrels involved some aesthetic, or other principle. Peter Pindar\* was a convinced anti-Hanoverian; and Mason, whose artistic knowledge was considerable, and who took 'taste' under his especial protection (v. *The English Garden*), may be credited with a *bona fide* abhorrence of Sir William Chambers's architectural essays in *Chinoiserie (An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers)*. Cawthorne, indeed, except for an allusion to 'expense and Vanbrugh, vanity and show', avoids naming any culpable persons in his *Essay on Taste*, where he deplores the extravagances of a debased Baroque age (1756) responsible for

. . . our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,  
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;  
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold  
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold.

\* Peter's especial literary quarrel was with William Gifford (of *The Baviad*, etc.), whom he attempted to cane (1800) in Wright's shop, Piccadilly. But it was Gifford who eventually did the caning.

Thomas Warton, again, when he wrote his *Newmarket, a Satire*, in the middle of the century, seemed to experience a genuine dismay at the Philistinism of the British sportsman, who as long as he has race-meetings to attend, will let England go to the dogs, intellectually and politically. Hilario cares nothing for the beauties of his Claudesque park, nor for the 'good old seat' with its Gothic towers: Hilario bets, loses his property, and sees

. . . the steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,  
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smiled,  
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,  
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,

adorning tavern walls, or put up at auctions. It is not great satire, but knowing Warton's tastes as we do, we may call it a heart-felt protest against the ruin of what were to him valuable things.

#### IV. PROBLEMS OF THEORY AND PRACTICE

The use of personalities referred to in the preceding section may give rise to such questions as these: how far can such personalities be called 'satire'? Where does satire end, and the lampoon begin? Must satire be didactic? and so on. At the beginning of the Augustan age Dryden's *Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* goes into the matter pretty thoroughly. Following Boileau's practice, he concludes that satire must contain elements of nobility; that it must expose vices and follies in general, with universal application; and that when the poet writes against a particular person he must do so, not from motives of revenge but because he is a public nuisance, and a fitting example to illustrate the vice that is being scrutinized. He pro-

ceeds to indict the lampooners who are not 'capable of this duty', distinguished alike for their lack of justice and their lack of wit.

Yet in practice not even Dryden is wholly competent to maintain so high a standard; however gifted or the reverse Shadwell might have been, Dryden was, in any case, probably bound\* to attack him as a prominent writer of the opposite political party; and I think that some modern critics of drama would agree that his attack was not altogether just. Pope takes us a step further from the satiric ideal: with him, it was much more a matter of personal spite; in other words, Pope's work is sometimes not pure satire, but is crossed with that cognate poetic exercise, the abuse or 'flyting'. It will be remembered that Sidney drew a distinction between satire and the 'bitter but wholesome Iambic' in his *Apology*. The motives of other poets are obviously mixed; it may be a public duty that animates Smart to expose Hill, but personal rancour is sufficiently evident. There was no love lost between Johnson and Churchill; and we may discount the former's attempt to repudiate Boswell's suggestion of private animosity, when Johnson said, 'I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still'.

Peter Pindar, on the subject of *Bozzy and Piozzi*, makes, it is true, some show of conscientious objection to an alleged prostitution of biography, but also a more genuine private antipathy to this 'tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back'. This mixture of public and private spleen persisted; it is present in *English Bards and Scotch*

\* I am open to the correction of Mr. Hugh Macdonald on this point of a motive.

Reviewers, while the private exceeds, if anything, the public in *Peter Bell the Third*. If we take Dryden's statements in *The Original and Progress* for law, then this mixed kind is not strictly speaking legitimate; but it is inevitable, and must be accepted as such throughout the descent of satire from Pope to Roy Campbell. Not that both elements are always present together; apart from a few specific allusions, Young seems to have adopted the 'Type' method with an academic gesture; compared with Pope, he is innocuous. The appeal to generality in Johnson's two Juvenalian imitations, *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, offer a striking contrast to the reckless slaughter, by Churchill, of his contemporaries; and yet Churchill was by no means devoid of a 'public' sense of duty, even though he might not be fair to Pomposo. Byrom's verses against foppery (*The Dissection of a Beau's Head* and *The Beau and the Bedlamite*), like many of his other satirical pieces, bear the mark of disinterested observation; while a conscientiously general attitude is maintained in the satirical parts of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*\* (cf. the 'muckworm' passage in Canto I). Cowper's satire is prompted by obviously powerful ideals of religion and morality; and Dodsley, from a very different angle, gives us the point of view of the universal footman: we know that at one time he was Dartineuf's man,† but he

\* I am much obliged to Miss E. M. Black for drawing my attention to this passage.

† See Boswell's *Johnson*, Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*, No. XIX, and Pope:

Each mortal has his pleasure; none deny  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye.  
(*Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II, Sat. i.)

names no names. He was speaking the truth about the company at scores of elegant houses then, earlier, and later, when he described them (ironically, one may guess),\* as unanimously excluding

The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain,  
Detraction, smut, and what's profane.

Attention has already been invited to the more abstract protests of Cawthorne, and to the general principles that inspired Thomas Warton. It may also be borne in mind that before Dryden's essay, there had been satire, notably that of Ben Jonson's plays, in which the Type was punished so as to condemn the general vice and warn the particular vicious: and there had been satiric types in the Interludes (such as the comic 'Ignorance'†) as well as Barclay's remarkably abstract fools. The type and the general method grew up with the renaissance as part of the classic tradition; and it went forward to *Rasselas*‡ and beyond. If then

\* This contention is, I feel, open to challenge; but considering the poem as a whole, and the further light thrown upon his views of society by *The Toyshop*, I am prepared to stand by it. The following (from *The Toyshop*) seems pertinent:

*Master.* And are witty and smutty then synonomous terms?

*Beau.* O dear, sir, yes: a little decent smut is the very life of all conversation; 'tis the wit of drawing-rooms, assemblies, and tea-tables; 'tis the smart raillery of fine gentlemen, and the innocent freedom of fine ladies; 'tis a *double entendre*, at which the coquet laughs, the prude looks grave, but all are pleased with.

† In *Wit and Science*.

‡ Imlac says '(the poet) must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong doing in their abstracted and invariable state'.

we are justified in taking the more general kind of satire as being nearer to the classic norm, we may agree that Pope, and his followers in the vein of personality, were less classical by the measure of their exposition of private spite. With Pope, satire becomes rococo, its venom approximates to that of tea-table chatter, while it is still saved from mere pettiness by the 'nobility' that fiery inspiration and superb technique can confer. By the time we come to Peter Pindar, at the other end of the century, we find him gossiping less nobly in the intimate manner, not merely about enemies of his own stratum, but about the great, Pitt, Schwellenburg, and George III. The miniature flippant style pervades public satire; and Byron, who provides evidence in his *Vision of Judgment* of having studied Peter Pindar, continues the rococo flippancy, but with a wider sweep. The change from Olympus to the Boudoir that manifested itself during that century is summed up by Peter in this verse:

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright  
rancour.

He was a first rate man of war to *me*,  
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;  
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;  
Playing with patereroes that alarm  
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

However, as we know, the patereroes were most effective in their way; and though he is several degrees short of Pope's dignity, a comparison with his vile imitators \* will show that he has qualities that make for literary

\* e.g. Lawler, *Peter Pindar Junior* (J. Agg), *Peter Pindar the Elder*, etc.

permanence and that he is more than a 'gutter-press' lampoonist of the moment. And such a comparison is probably the best practical test for what is and is not satire among vituperative writings; since there is much that while it is intensely personal, particular, and flippant sometimes to the point of buffoonery, no one but a pedant would exclude. Churchill affords an example in his heterogeneity. After hesitations and perplexities I chose his *Night* for this book, because of its 'first rate man of war' quality. In it, Churchill may be seen at his loftiest; it is universal (despite the fact that it is a reply to Armstrong's *Day*), and possesses the broad Drydenic sweep and intellectual elevation which should afford a useful contrast to, let us say, Anstey, sniggering over the parochial follies and rogueries of Bath. But there is something protean about Churchill's satires as a whole; *The Times*, *Gotham*, and *The Ghost* have each their peculiarities and differences; and lead one to suspect what I trust may be proved, namely, that the formula for English Georgian satire, if there can be a single formula, will be decidedly complex; it will include the comic and the serious, the didactic and non-didactic, the general and the particular.

Anstey falls into the category of those who deal with a subject of general application (for the Bath follies are found elsewhere) in a 'private' manner. The story of gullible fools is timeless, and a subject for comic-epic treatment in Fielding's vein; but Anstey develops it with the playful malice of a local gossip. There is certainly no fierce indignation, and a far lighter measure of fierce laughter than in Peter Pindar; and though he suggests that his Muse may appear 'indecently droll, unpolitely

severe', the latter of these appearances is much to seek. 'Unpolite' severity is characteristic of Churchill, Savage, Smart, Mallet, Smollett, and occurs in some passages by Paul Whitehead, Mason, and Wolcot; but the *New Bath Guide* is hardly conspicuous for it. With certain reservations it may be said that the satire of the later eighteenth century is marked by an increase of frivolity and playfulness; but there must be at least three reservations. Firstly, the high seriousness and Juvenalian indignation of Dr. Johnson appears as a late and deliberate exception; secondly, Gifford, in the *Baviad*, *Maeviad* and *Epistle to Peter Pindar* preserves serious anger from the rust of frivolity; and thirdly, in Pope's day there had been plenty of frivolity and playfulness in satire. Gay's *Shepherd's Week* is an obvious instance; Prior, too, an elder poet, had to be reckoned with.

*The Hudibrastic element.*—Prior's Hudibrastic practice was a modification of Butler's;\* the lightness and elegance of his touch could transform the Rabelaisian horse-play of his master into more polite gambollings; the lyrist of *Chloe* mitigates very considerably Butler's

\* Cf. *Original and Progress*. '... the sort of verse which is called *burlesque*, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. ... His satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of his rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire; it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure.'

almost overpowering virility.\* Dr. Johnson writes in his life of Prior, 'What Horace said, when he imitated Lucilius, might be said of Butler by Prior; his numbers were not smooth nor neat. Prior excelled him in versification; but he was, like Horace, *inventore minor*; he had not Butler's exuberance . . . the spangles of wit he could afford, he knew how to polish, but he wanted the bullion of his master.'† The substitution of spangles for bullion occurred early; we may notice it in *An Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.*, dated 1689. Here, while he writes on the one hand, in Butler's uncompromisingly bluff mood, of how

. . . his holiness could thump  
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,

much of the poem is of thinner and less concrete ingredients, in the sparkling, shallow manner of society verse:

Or make a speech, correct and witty,  
As you know who—at the committee.

The effect of this spangle-work became evident when the eighteenth-century poets began to write 'a Priori'. Lloyd openly admits his debt, with due apology (*On Rhyme*); but he censures the Hudibrastic fashion, and the poetasters who rack their brains to find a double burlesque rhyme; and in the poem to . . . (1755), has the effrontery to complain that

\* Dryden seems to mean by 'manly satire' the serious or Juvenalian sort; but here it is Butler's essential 'maleness' that is implied.

† His original development of the Hudibrastic style is plainly seen when compared with the inelastic imitation pursued by Thomas Ward's *England's Reformation*, 1710.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees  
 Mat Prior's unaffected ease  
 Assumes his style, affects a story....

Somerville and Allan Ramsay exchanged Prioristic Epistles, Ramsay hinting at the style with 'like Mat and Swift ye write with ease'. Swift, of course, used the eight-syllable couplet of Butler with greater audacity and robustness: his triple-rhymed piece to Dr. Sheridan (1718) is the apparatus of burlesque impudently burlesqued. But since few other poets of the century burnt with his diabolic flames, the later quasi-Hudibrastic verse was rather after Prior than after him, though Swift, with his ferocious playfulness, certainly set an example which might subsequently draw the weaker brethren away from high Drydenic seriousness. Swift's tooth was so keen that he could afford to gnash and chatter grotesquely, and even carry off schoolboy quips of this kind (cited by Cambridge):

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale.  
 Puta ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.

Prior and Gay evolved a brilliant pertness in their tale-telling in this metre, which Gilbert Cooper echoes in his translation *Ver Vert*; where, however, the monotony of the four-foot couplet is relieved by alternate rhymes to lines of the same length, a device of which he was fond. William Whitehead followed the fashion for such tales in the couplet, with his *Variety* and *The Goat's Beard*. Smart adopts the style in his Fables, and so does Wilkie, who, as Chalmers notes, followed Gay. The didactic and satiric tale, treated thus with some playfulness, ramified and expanded the employment of the

lighter touch, which we may generally associate with eighteenth-century octosyllabics, whether in the fables or in discursive satires like Lloyd's or descriptive satires like Dodsley's *Footman*. In contrast to such rococo refinements Churchill's *Ghost*, by no means his best satire, stands ruggedly forth; the virile handling of the octosyllable, the success at making the object of his assault at once disgusting and ridiculous in mock-heroic state, like great Dullman who

from his bed arose,  
Thrice did he spit—thrice wipe his nose,

and the racy touches of grotesquerie, mark him for a weightier interpreter of the Hudibrastic style; one of the main differences between him and Butler being that he uses less horse-play and more invective. In *The Duellist*, where the indignation is deeper, one notices a definite change; elements leading to comicality and burlesque, the facetious sound of two- or three-syllabled rhymes,\* the concrete grotesqueries, the deliberate lapse into familiar or slangy phrase, give way to something plainly serious and abstract: and the verse, which no longer plays an organic part in the total effect of foolery, as it does in *Hudibras* and *The Ghost*, carries with greater dignity the weight of reasoned disapproval.† Wit, of the order of what oft was thought but ne'er so

\* There are about half a dozen two-syllabled rhymes in the poem.

† A curious and, one hopes, not wholly fantastic or fortuitous parallel to the soberer and more abstract Palladian movement from Baroque exuberance, observable in the work of some eighteenth-century architects, notably William Kent.

well expressed,\* in epigram and antithesis, now predominates whenever lightness is required to offset the sombre effects, while the abstract Personifications abound.

May Liberty, beyond the grave,  
Ordain him to be still a slave,  
Grant him what here he most requires,  
And damn him with his own desires.

Dryden was not the last to deplore the openings for frivolity offered by Hudibrastic verse; and in a later age when satiric levity was rife, Walter Harte (? 1707-1774) issued yet another warning. Students of the subject, if not the general reader, will probably find something of value in his *Essay on Satire* (printed 1730), in which he demands the severer manner, 'Boileau's sense with Britain's genuine fire' and 'the energy of wit and truth of things'. Butler, he considers, ravishes the heart: but his burlesque suffers from want of grandeur, and from 'the short-legg'd verse and double-gingling sound'. His admiration of Boileau, at a time when the changes in satire that we have remarked were manifest, is notable; and whereas Roscommon had already written, with patriotic ardour,

The weighty Bullion of one sterling line  
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages  
shine,

\* Jackson of Exeter (*On Wit*) refers to Locke's definition —'the assemblage of ideas, and putting these together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby, to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy'; and Dryden's 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject'.

Harte revokes the doom, and botches the neat point of 'sterling' in this compliment to Boileau:

Strange fate! Thy solid sterling of two lines  
Drawn to our tinsel, through whole pages shines.

But at any rate, he is pleading for the graver and more truly classical satire, which in England was not found perfect in Donne, who, though he 'teem'd with wit . . . was maim'd and bruis'd, the periods endless, and the sense confus'd'; nor in Oldham, 'lame in language, harmony, and rhyme'; but in Dryden, to whom Nature vouchsafed new graces:

How full thy verse! The meaning how severe!  
How dark thy theme! Yet made exactly clear.

So far, so good; here is, simply described, his satiric ideal of the purest and most classic kind, which strongly resembles that of the *Original and Progress*. But Pope, whatever excellences—and they are many—adorn his satire, does not fulfil this particular ideal; and yet Harte, without admitting as much, goes on to praise Pope somewhat fulsomely, as though he were another Dryden; the reason being that Pope was his personal friend,\* and actually contributed some lines to his *Essay on Reason*.

The difference between this kind and the Butlerian kind is plain enough, but other features complicate the picture.

*Other features.*—Beside the dichotomy of the 'grave' and the 'sportive' there is as well that of the 'particular' and

\* Chalmers observes that he followed Pope's opinions as far as they respected the merits of the dunces whom Pope libelled.

'universal'; but none of these 'lines' are parallels; there are approaches, divergences, intersections; there is the sportive particular, the grave universal, and *vice versa*; and to add to the confusion, there are also the Drydenic categories of 'Horatian' and 'Juvenalian' which sometimes, but not always, correspond to the 'sportive' and 'grave' groups respectively. Not always, because, for example, the gay Georgian Hudibrasts would probably have fallen into Dryden's Varronian class (see note to p. 35).

That Swift was both fiercely gay and fiercely grave; that Pope was ferociously serious among the particularities of Grub Street; or that Young was sportive in the Horatian tradition, while his satire is mainly of generalities, are instances of the complexity of the picture. And we have seen how, in the Hudibrastic section, which would generally be thought playful, Churchill proceeded to the sternness of *The Duellist*. His satire *Night* is serious and 'universal', as are Johnson's two satires, while Savage, in his grave impeachment of the corrupt inhabitants of Bristol, shows more personal feeling than Johnson does over London; and yet the epithet 'Juvenalian' may be applied to all four poems. Young is 'Horatian'; but the frivolity of Lloyd and Anstey can less certainly be termed so. Smollett can be lofty, cantankerous, and coarsely humorous in the same piece, *e.g.* *Advice*, which contains a characteristic joke about a man laying eggs, and the high-flown sentiment

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,  
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!

That Smart took himself seriously as a follower of Boileau, and claimed to stand on the side of abstract

and disinterested justice, emerges from the prefatory letters to *The Hilliad*; though in practice the personalities, taking the bit wantonly between their teeth, gallop far from the level highways of abstraction admired by Dryden and Imlac.

Horatian satire deserves further examination. Young's notions of it are well expressed in his preface to *Love of Fame*. Laughter, he maintains, is better than anger, for purposes of ethical instruction; and the suave Horatian sort of laughter shall be his choice. 'Juvenal is for ever in a passion'; and Boileau is, sometimes (as in the satire on *Woman*), too Juvenalian for his taste. But the laughter must observe decorum; the graver mirth of Cervantes is preferable to the excesses of Rabelais. It shall also discriminate; we will not heedlessly, in the tradition of Lucian, make a jest of everything. Young clearly intended to avoid horse-play, and use dignified laughter to deride 'prevailing folly'. He achieves this delicate mirth with credit; mirth which is strange to the bluff and deeply-rooted English spirit that pervades not merely *Hudibras*, but all our rough and tumble literature from *Noah's Flood* to *Charley's Aunt*; and Young's satire, like most of his work, savours, not of the folk, but of such elegant artifice as patronage and Pierian Eastbury might foster.

Dodsley attempts different styles; he imitates Horace in his *Art of Preaching*, while *Religion* is a spritely essay in the refined 'late Hudibrastic' manner; as, also, is *The Footman*, at first sight. But there is more to be said of this poem than that it is a flippancy after Prior; apart from some metrical peculiarities, we may note its unique richness of personal experience, and the

groundwork of virility—and even seriousness; qualities which appear in his preface to *The Muse in Livery* (1732) and in Chalmers' account of his life.

*Parody, etc.*—Owen Cambridge, so facile at parody and imitation, suggests the thought that there is a point at which this art coincides with satire. Parody may of course simply satirise by means of its form—as apart from content; which process is not the same as that of making a wittily disapproving statement *about* some thing or person, such as we normally expect to find in a work labelled 'satire'. But frequently both ends are attained at once, as in the *Rolliad* skits, where, for example, the form hits Mason and the content Pitt. But the fact that 'form-satire' and 'statement-satire' unite makes it appear reasonable that the essential sportiveness of the former should affect the latter.

Or sportive imitation, assimilated by some other satirist whose bent does not lie in this particular direction, may nevertheless quicken his sense of playfulness in its own function. Such may have been the effect on Lloyd of Isaac Hawkins Brown, whom he hails (*To . . . , about to Publish a Volume of Miscellanies*) as one who has successfully trodden 'imitation's dangerous road'.

The same is true of parody's first cousin, the Mock Heroic, Scribleriads, Pediculaiads, and the like. Playfulness is in their very conception; and 'statement-satire' (which with Dryden's support we may call the main body of satire), again entering, is again infected, though we must except from this generality, not *The Rape of the Lock*, but that monument of mock-heroic literature, Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, where the heroes are mocked with a dignified bitterness.

Mock romance, again, whatever dignity it enjoyed with Cervantes, aided Butler in giving rein to his rich powers of buffoonery, which, as we have seen, induced the eighteenth-century Hudibrasts to mingle flippancy with their octosyllables.

One of the effects of fooling in satire is, of course, loss of dignity, and so, of authority; a 'bitter fool', like Peter Pindar (whose *Lear* is George III), may expect, but will not command, a hearing; and Lloyd, who seems to be obsessed with something like the 'intellectual exhibitionism' of a clever child, writes as one craving admiration—possibly that of his friend Churchill. Churchill, on the other hand, belongs to the other school—that of the flogging judges of satire; and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, are both in their way dictatorial. And once again, to illustrate the loose cohesion of this group, one may remind oneself that while Churchill availed himself of Butlerian resources, Johnson viewed these with suspicion.\*

*Metrical effects.*—The two most widely recognised metres, in satire, are the decasyllabic and octosyllabic couplet. Miltonism lent its blank-verse line (*cf. The Pediculaiad*) and Spenserianism its stanza (*cf. West's Abuse of Travelling* and passages in *The Castle of Indolence*); but neither of these forms effected a revolution as far as satire was concerned. Various anapaestic†

\* In his *Life of Butler* he observes, of the metre: 'The measure is quick, spritely, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words, and the levity of the sentiments'; and proceeds to show that there is something radically corrupt in the very nature of Burlesque, which depends on disproportion—and 'all disproportion is unnatural. . . .'

† I use the term for the 'average pattern' of two weak stresses + one strong.

measures, some of them of a popular type,\* recur from Marvell onwards; Anstey and Byrom, and Tom D'Urfey for that matter, use anapaestic forms often representing the beat of well-known tunes; and an obvious alternative is the ordinary 8686 ballad metre which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams employed for several of his political squibs. More academic satirists, whose main-stay was the couplet, might now and then throw off a ballad in the fugitive manner; Pope himself addressed one to Mr. Moore, author of the celebrated worm powders. The presence of popular measures may be useful as a warning to us to be vigilant, and prepared for the discovery that what is worth the name of satire is giving way to mere squibs, transient drolleries, and the scurrilous wares of the ballad-monger.

*Rod, noose, and bauble.*—Recently a critic, reviewing some satiric poems, expressed the opinion that the sole function of satire was to annihilate; that the lash which spared the victim's hide, to flog, perhaps, more soundly another day, was not achieving the requisite end. This appears to be an untenably narrow view, one contrary, moreover, to the usage and authority of the past: it puts the Horatian type of satire, which was rightly and fully recognised as far back as Sidney's *Apology*, completely out of court. Dryden, when he speaks (*Original and Progress*) of Juvenal, does not mention extermination, but lashing and scourging, while of Horace he quotes

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
Tangit, et admissus circum praecordia ludit,

*e.g. Packington's Pound or A Cobbler there was.*

remarking elsewhere that he is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs. In fact Dryden inclines to the positive view of satire, namely, that its first object is to teach, that it is constructive rather than destructive; and one might venture to imagine that abolition and inconoclasm were more likely to be the *propria* of Hebraic puritanism than of classic satire. Young, Lloyd, and Anstey are certainly not of the stern puritan caste; and while it is true that Young professes to 'smile prevailing folly dead', the destructive power of his mirth is actually slight. *Lucia's* prudence is not to be snuffed out by an epigrammatic couplet:

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;  
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

One could not seriously believe that Young was in haste to abolish subject-matter so promising for the exercise of his neat wit. It is a different matter when a Pope, pale and trembling with fury at some real or imagined insult, contrives murder in couplets; and there are literary murders, as Dryden knew well enough,\* which are not satires at all.

There is no reason to believe that the aspiration to change manners or to instruct were continually before the satirists: and there are signs that they were well aware of the non-didactic aspect of their art. Lloyd can adopt the playfully cynical attitude of the observer who realises the futility of attempting to put an end to folly. His 'flippant Muse', as he calls her, is capable of recording, with detachment, the dulness of a country squire, or the absurd bickerings of professional actors.

\* See p. 29, above.

His attitude is well seen in *A Familiar Epistle to . . .* Matthew Green, in his mildly critical effusion, *The Spleen*, openly declares his intention not to 'grieve at ills he can't prevent'. He will avoid, alike, the insolence of the lampooner, who rails 'at folks, because they are in place', and the aspirations of the sociological busybody:

Reforming schemes are none of mine,  
To mend the world's a vast design.

Anstey thought it prudent to append to the second edition of his *Bath Guide* some poems of a more or less apologetic nature, in which he appears to claim the status of a moralist who indicates the superiority of a remote and simple life where 'conscious virtue reigns', to that of 'fashion, vice, and noise'; and it is true that in the *Guide* itself he does hold up quacks, swindlers, and hypocrites to ridicule, with the obvious implication that they should be avoided. But in the ninth letter, he reviews the busy frivolity of the streets and places of assembly with a contemptuous smile comparable to Lloyd's; as though the silliness were no particular concern of his, beyond its value as an artistic medium. Satire can be valuable for elements other than those of iconoclasm and reformation—objectives which, indeed, might well be regarded as merely secondary. Shakespeare's finest satire was launched, with no idea of amelioration, against forces which he knew to be uncontrollable—the gods, who kill us for their sport, or the reproductive urge, 'to 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers'.

The aim of this brief outline has been to indicate the main threads in the woof of satire, and provide some

orientation for the discovery of the relative positions of our selected poets in this complex design.

## V. APPRECIATION OF SATIRE

Before the beauties of our satirists, and of Georgian satire as a whole, can be fairly assessed, considerable labour has yet to be expended upon the clearing away of prejudice. Various emotional habits in the forms of belief still appear to offer a serious impediment; as, (a) the belief that eighteenth-century poetry is 'frigid', (b) that satire is not 'true poetry', (c) that 'true poetry' consists of 'simple bird-song' or, at any rate, of lyric poetry, while all other forms are impostors, (d) that satire is ugly; to which must be added a reluctance to alter the relative value-position of poets who have long been tabulated in the text-books as second or third class. What must be removed is, in short, a tangle of essentially nineteenth-century opinion; and the nineteenth century did not understand the poetic idiom and attitude of her predecessor.\* The stage at which a quest after 'pure poetry' commences must be surmounted before a right approach to satire can be hoped for, since it is fundamentally a 'subject art', in which the subject, or statement, is organic and cannot be ignored in the process of understanding and estimating the worth of the whole. The heresy that satire is ugly arises very probably from its inherent combativeness, its acid and bitter flavours, which offend palates accustomed to the sweets of *Endymion* or the *Ode to a Skylark*: and we

\* Cf., for instance, Wordsworth or De Quincey or M. Arnold on Pope.

must also take into account the influence of an ethical code that holds it wrong to express hate and malice.

After all, the root of this matter of beauty lies in our satisfaction at the completeness of the poet's organising power; and there seems no reason why malice and mockery should not be as splendidly organised as love and wonder; common factual experience as much as moon-drencht fantasy. For the rest, some study of 'the manner in which' should assist in clearing up doubts as to whether or no it is lawful to admire the literature of scorn.

To wit, as conceived in the eighteenth century, reference has been made above; the efficiency of expression that it implies, demanded that concentration on technique which is best seen in the earlier half of the century. Wit, especially of the epigrammatic sort, is Young's sheet-anchor; without it he would drift out into the ocean of dulness; but as it is, we are able, again and again, to applaud something 'well expressed' in the satires:

The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,  
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;  
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
And thanks her Maker that the *cards* are good,

while *Night Thoughts* is a perfect quarry of epigrams: 'Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?' or 'Great ill is an achievement of great powers' or 'Midway from Nothing to the *Deity*'. The protraction of his intellectual flights is really remarkable; fury may aid Pope and Churchill in the search for expression, but with Young it is sheer, and diligent, cleverness. Yet another

modern heresy (*e*), well seen in those critiques that damn a book with the word 'clever', needs to be vanquished here; before Young is approached 'clever' must become once more an epithet of praise. Persistent virtuosity of this calibre can be a perfectly satisfactory medium for organisation on a high level—indeed, it is the evidence of this: and with full recognition of the danger that re-discovered geese are frequently advertised as swans, I would recommend Young for instant promotion.

Darkness and venom, threat and retribution, have long been recognised as pertinent to the Sublime, as conceived in Georgian views of Longinus, in the minds of Burke, Gerard, Blair, Hogarth, and others; and so are already 'placed' among qualities which those who reverence authority may admire.\*

The grandeur of adequately handled *saeva indignatio* is easily recognisable: but a fuller understanding may be won by a re-examination of theories of, and exercises in, 'magnificent darkness', some of which may now be forgotten. The splendour of disillusioned malignancy glows, in the following passage, with an intensity sufficient, surely, to force its beauty on the notice of most readers. Churchill is speaking of the wretched circumstances of patronage-hunting:

When he at last expects, good easy man,  
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,  
Some pimping lacquey, or rapacious whore,  
To favours of the great the surest door,

\* Cf. Burke, *On the Sublime and Beautiful*; Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*; Gerard, *Essay on Taste*; Hogarth, *Analysis of Beauty*. See also *The Course of English Classicism*.

Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,  
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,  
 Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,  
 And for some minion's minion claims the prize.

(*Night.*)

The varied magnificence, combined with a 'natural' fluency, in Churchill's heroic couplet is reminiscent of Dryden rather than of Pope; and Chalmers says, 'Dryden was his acknowledged model, and he left inequalities in his writings that he might resemble Dryden, and shun Pope's "unvaried excellence". Some of the "inequalities", however, suggest hastiness rather than deliberation (*cf. Independence*).

Smart's bitterness and scorn, so copiously outpoured into the channels of wit and Mock-Heroics, is not without the satisfaction of dignity, even though his inspiration may want the colossal proportions of Churchill's. The speeches of Momus and Fame are masterpieces in little of vigorous and controlled invective; while the only lapse in the description of the tawny Sybil is the cheap antithesis, 'twain were her teeth, and single was her eye'; its obviousness was, I suppose, too tempting to resist. It is symptomatic of our time that many who praise Smart's *Song to David* have never heard of *The Hilliad*, and if they read it would dislike it.

Savage's *London and Bristol*, though the 'sublimity' of Savage's indignation is more obvious, suffers from the fault of defective communication, in certain of its lines; patience and revision would have obviated such crudities as 'thy halliers horses and thy human hogs; upstarts and muckworms, proud relentless hearts'. In fact, while the general effect is that of the true *saeva*

*indignatio*, and while Savage is without doubt passionately sincere, he has still much to learn from the classic masters, Boileau or, as a theorist of poetic, Horace. Dodsley's sincerity in *The Footman* has been already noticed; there is no passionate striving here, but one is charmed by the quietness and independence of his manner of going to work. Nor is there any sign of the usual apparatus of 'polite' Georgian poetry, the fancy classic names, Flavia, or Hilario, or of the abstract persons and allusions to the ancients. The poem is cast on unusual lines; it is a piece of realistic description by a man with the satirist's uncompromisingly keen eye, and is anything but a set-piece of satire. Yet, an under-current of irony passes right through it; and one may care to remark in this short and admirable poem the germs of Thackerayan satire, the satire of Jeames Yellowplush, and life above and below stairs. Had he developed the highly promising gift that he here displays for the comedy of manners, instead of spending so much energy on the didactic Miltonism of *Agriculture*, he might well have earned a place among the major poets. The nearest approach to this blunt yet ironic honesty of comment is to be seen in his play, *The Toyshop*, a lively work which is, however—and Dodsley knew it—somewhat over-weighted with didacticism. But both in this play and in *The Footman* it is evident that Dodsley's ideal of behaviour was his own John Cockle.\* The spirit of Cockle suffers dilution in *Modern Reasoning*, though it is certainly traceable there.

\* Cf. his plays, *The Miller of Mansfield* and *Sir John Cockle at Court*.

Lloyd is another of the more attractive minors; and what Wilkes said about him then is still true: 'He left the fury of the winged steed and the daring heights of the sacred mountain to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill,' and was content to 'scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney'. But, possessed of liveliness and wit, he has a barb to his light missiles, and is fully awake to contemporary foibles. His satire, while topical, is so far from being guilty either of coarseness or scurrility (one may compare him with Mallet or with 'Porcupinus Pelagius') that some might vote him insipid, and so commit an injustice. As a delicate exponent of the intimate and genial kind of satire, he deserves to be remembered and re-read. The playful style of criticism probably offers more pitfalls to a satirist than the serious: the slightest disturbance of equilibrium and over he goes into mere facetiousness† or mere dirt.‡

Lloyd may bestride 'a little Welsh poney', but he steers it cleverly; and heaven may be thanked for a little cleverness.

It is more difficult to praise Anstey, whose *New Bath Guide* as a whole makes, to borrow phraseology from Mr. Richards, its appeal at a lower level of response. A good deal of the raillery is of a cheaper and more flashy type, with that evidence of strain and weakness that impels the art connoisseur to use some such term as 'a

\* See his *Triumvirade*, *Porcupinade*, etc.

† Cf. Kenrick's *Pasquinade* on Hill, as compared with Smart's *Hilliad*.

‡ Swift does not so lapse; but cf. note on *The Toyshop*, p. 32, above.

late, decadent period'. Letter XIII, describing Lord Raggamuffenn's courtship of Lady Bunbutter, and concluding with the puerile device (for 'a boyish kind of pleasure') of sousing Lord Raggamuffenn in the water before Lady Bumfidget, will serve to illustrate these demerits; but, to be fair to Anstey, there are passages instinct with life and movement of a kind. Some anticipation of Barham's brilliant antics may be perceived in the following metrical flight

With Marshal CAROUZER,  
And old Lady MOWZER,  
And the great *Hanoverian* Baron PANSMOWZER,\*

and there is some virtue in his skit on the Wartonic fashion of imitating *L'Allegro*, in Letter IX. But one has only to return to Young to become aware of the difference in standard. Wit now yields to waggishness and sometimes to the knockabout variety of fun with its eternally popular appeal. The transition that we may notice in this instance is one from the serious laughter of a Young or a Chesterfield† to the facetiousness of a Barham or the topical jingles of a Praed. Anstey brings us to the frontier of literary satire; and he should, perhaps, thank Gibbon (if Gibbon's‡ judgment be reliable) that he is not exiled to the country beyond.

\* Cf. also the line in Letter IV, more familiar to us as coming from 'The Jackdaw of Rheims',

I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright.

† There is an air of authority about some of Chesterfield's light (and audacious) epigrams, which is not found in Anstey and other wags of the later period.

‡ See Gibbon's *Autobiography*.

## EDWARD YOUNG

The family into which Edward Young was born in June 1681 had some claim to distinction; and his father, a cleric, ended his career (in 1705) as Dean of Sarum. Edward was put to school at Winchester, whence he proceeded to New College, to Corpus, and finally to All Souls as a Fellow (1708); he became Doctor of Civil Laws in 1719. His first published poem (1712) was an epistle to Lord Lansdowne; *The Guardian* printed part of his *Last Day* next year; and *The Force of Religion* appeared before Queen Anne's death in 1714. There was a rumour that the Queen had granted him a fixed allowance; but, after deplored her death (*On the Late Queen's Death and His Majesty's Accession to the Throne*), he was careful to flatter George I somewhat excessively. But patronage actually came to him from the Wharton family; and it appears that he travelled with the Marquis of Wharton in 1716. His tragedy *Busiris* (Drury Lane, 1719) was followed in 1721 by *The Revenge*, dedicated to the Duke of Wharton. The Satires, for which, according to Spence, he received £2000 from the Duke of Grafton, were published together with the preface in 1728, though they had been appearing singly during the previous three years. It was said that this profit\* helped him to recoup his losses in the South Sea Bubble. *Ocean*, an Ode (1727-8), celebrated the accession of George II; and in 1728, he took holy orders, tactfully withdrew his play *The Brothers* from the stage, and became chaplain to the King. His naval lyric, *Imperium Pelagi* (1730), was an unfortunate lapse; but in his epistles to Pope on *The Authors of the Age* (also 1730) he once more exhibits his happy satiric vein. This was the year in which he married Lady Elizabeth Lee (she died 1741), and was

\* The total was stated to be £3900.

presented with the rectory of Welwyn. After producing the *Sea Pieces* and the *Foreign Address* he seems to have decided, with wisdom, that his talent did not lie in the direction of 'maritime odes'; and from 1741 onwards set to work on the *Night Thoughts*, which gained him an international reputation. In 1746-7 his hopes of preferment to a bishopric were raised, but not realised; the Duchess of Portland did her best for him, but 'our Pope' the Duke of Newcastle, to judge from a letter of Young's\*, apparently did not; and Exeter was bestowed elsewhere.

In about 1748 he appointed a Miss Hallows as house-keeper, the menage being ridiculed in *The Card* (by Kidgell, one of Young's curates). In 1755 appeared his *Centaur Not Fabulous*, and in 1759 his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, addressed to his friend Samuel Richardson. His last poem, *Resignation*, was published in 1762. His eyesight was now failing, and Miss (or, to give her her brevet rank, Mrs.) Hallows became more and more of a secretary. In 1764 he wrote to Keate deplored Dodsley's death; and died himself in the following April.

Young, as a satirist and epigrammatist, is worth more than mere acquaintance; to call him the best, or even the only successful, Horatian satirist in the century is scarcely exaggeration. The content of his *Night Thoughts* may be of little value, and his attempts at the lyric ode futile; but in *The Night Thoughts* there is the compensation of much epigrammatic skill, which is only surpassed in quality by that of the Satires themselves.

\* He writes, 'The Duke of Newcastle is our Pope. Ecclesiastics are under his thumb'.

## SATIRE V. ON WOMEN

*O fairest of creation! last and best!  
Of all God's works! creature in whom excelled,  
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be formed,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost! . . .*

MILTON.<sup>1</sup>

Nor reigns *Ambition* in bold *man* alone;  
Soft *female* hearts the rude *Invader* own.  
But *there* indeed, it deals in nicer things  
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*.

Attend, and you discern it in the Fair

5

Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;  
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an *eye*;  
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;

Nay thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:

10

A theme, *fair*—!<sup>2</sup> doubly kind to me,  
Since satyrizing *those* is praising *thee*:

Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

*Britannia's* daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,

15

Too fond of *Admiration*, lose their price;

Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight

To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.

As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,

Through every *Sign* of *Vanity* they run;

20

*Assemblys*, *parks*, coarse feasts in the *city-halls*,

Lectures, and tryals, plays, committees, balls, Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield <sup>3</sup> -scenes, And fortune-tellers caves, and lyons dens, Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms, Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs, Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews, Sales, races, rabbits, <sup>4</sup> (and still stranger!) pews. Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for <i>Fame</i> , And love lies vanquisht in a nobler flame, Warm gleams of hope she, <i>now</i> , dispenses; <i>then</i> , Like <i>April</i> -suns, dives into clouds agen: With all her lustre, <i>now</i> , her lover warms, <i>Then</i> , out of <i>ostentation</i> , hides her charms, 'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain, And to be taken with a sudden pain; Then, she starts up, all ecstasie, and bliss, And is, sweet Soul! just as sincere in this. O how she rowls her charming eyes in <i>spight</i> ! And looks delightfully with all her might! But, like <i>our</i> Heroes, much more brave, than wise, She conquers for the <i>triumph</i> , not the <i>prize</i> .	25 30 35 40 45 50
<i>Zara</i> resembles <i>Aetna</i> crowned with snows: Without she freezes, and within she glows: Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd, From the vain converse of the world retir'd, She reads the <i>psalms</i> and <i>chapters</i> for the day, In — <i>Cleopatra</i> , <sup>5</sup> or the last new play, Thus gloomy <i>Zara</i> , with a solemn grace, Deceives mankind, and <i>hides</i> behind her <i>face</i> . Nor far beneath her in <i>renown</i> , is she Who thro' good-breeding is ill company; Whose <i>Manners</i> will not let her larum cease,	50

Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;  
 To find you *news*, who racks her subtile head,  
 And vows, *that her great-grandfather is dead*. 55

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;  
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—*to hear*.  
 In that, the skill of conversation lyes;  
 That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise. 60

*Zantippe* crys 'Let Nymphs who nought can say  
 Be lost in silence, and resign the day:  
 And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,  
 By tame behaviour, and a soft address.'

Thro' *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply 65  
 With all the dictates of *humanity*;  
 Thro' wisdom, *she* refuses to submit  
 To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;  
 Then, her unblemished honour to maintain,  
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain. 70  
 But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word  
 Drops from the lip of her unwary Lord,  
 Her darling China in a whirlwind sent,  
 Just *intimates* the Lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame, 75  
 But keen *Zantippe* scorning *borrow'd* flame,  
 Can vent her thunders, and let lightnings play,  
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*.  
 Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,  
 She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice. 80

Doubly, like Echo, *sound* is her delight,  
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.  
 Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise  
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng 85

Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;  
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares, besiege our state?  
 What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?  
 If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow,  
 We *make* misfortune; *Suicides* in woe. 90  
 Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!  
 Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?  
 How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,  
 (That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,  
 On *folly*'s errands as we vainly roam, 95  
 Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?  
 Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,  
 Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.  
 Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace,  
 We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace; 100  
 Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,  
 Join night to day, and sunday to the week:  
 Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
 Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.  
 Now what reward for all this grief, and toil? 105  
 But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;  
 A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,  
 And, in life's tempest, the sad Sailors' calm.  
 How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,  
 Peace in her air, perswasion in her eye; 110  
 Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,  
*Husbands* look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.  
 The *Sylvan* race our active Nymphs pursue;  
 Man is not all the game they have in view:  
 In woods, and fields their glory they compleat, 115  
 There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd gate;  
 While fair *Miss Charles* to Toilets is confin'd,

Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.  
 Some nymphs effect a more heroick breed,  
 And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd* steed;  
 Command his prancings with a martial air,  
 And *Fober*<sup>6</sup> has the forming of the *fair*.

More than *one* steed must *Delia's*<sup>7</sup> empire feel,  
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;  
 And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng,  
 With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong:<sup>8</sup>  
 Graceful as *John*, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her *diuretick* strains:  
*Sesostris*<sup>9</sup>-like, such charioteers as *these*  
 May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:  
 They *drive, row, run*,<sup>10</sup> with love of Glory smit,  
*Leap, swim, shoot*—flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns;  
 Again the god *Apollo* wears her chains:  
 With legs lost high, on her *Sophee* she sits,  
 Vouchsafing audience to contending Wits:  
 Of each performance she's the final test,  
 One Act read o'er, she prophesies the rest.  
 And then pronouncing with decisive air,  
 Fully convinces all the town, *she's fair*.  
 Had lovely *Daphne Hecatessa*'s face,  
 How would her elegance of taste decrease!  
 Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lies,  
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.

But hold, she crys, *Lamponer!* have a care:  
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?  
 O no: see *Stella*, her *Eyes* shine as bright,  
 As if her tongue was never in the right;  
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!

She seems inspir'd, and herself can inspire;  
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
Could *Daphne* publish, and could she forbear?  
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*  
Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*. 150

*Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,*  
The youth in person, and in parts was bright;  
Possest of every virtue, grace, and art,  
That claims just empire o'er the female heart  
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
And, in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:  
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;  
Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.  
The day was fixt; when with one acre more  
In stept, deform'd, debaucht, diseas'd *threescore.*  
The fatal sequel I, thro' shame forbear.  
*O pride and av'rice who can cure the Fair?*

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,  
But fools create themselves new appetites. 170  
Fancy, and Pride seek things at vast expence,  
Which relish nor to *reason*, nor to *sense*,  
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness* destroys,  
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,  
In *fancy's* airy land of noise, and show, 175  
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;  
*Like Cats in air-pumps*, to subsist we strive,  
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.  
*Lemira's* sick, make haste, the Doctor call:  
He comes; but where's his Patient? at the Ball. 180  
The Doctor stares; her Woman curt'sies low,

And cries, 'my lady, Sir, is always so.  
 Diversions put her maladies to flight;  
 True, she can't stand, but she can *dance* all night:  
 I've known my lady (for she loves a *Tune*) 185  
 For *fevers* takes an *Opera* in *June*.  
 And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,  
 A midnight Park is sovereign for a *cold*.  
 With *collicks*, breakfasts of green fruit agree,  
 With *indigestions*, supper just at three.' 190  
 A strange alternative, replies sir *H*—*s*,<sup>11</sup>  
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?  
 Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,  
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*.  
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill; 195  
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's-bill*.  
 Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair  
 Yon Lady lolls. With what a tender air.  
 Pale as a young dramatick author, when  
 O'er darling lines, fell *Cibber* waves his pen. 200  
 Is her lord angry, or has *Viny*<sup>12</sup> chid?  
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?  
 'Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white.'  
 Why went she not to bed? 'because 'twas *night*:  
 Did she then dance, or play? 'nor this, nor that.' 205  
 Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.  
 'No, all alone, her *pray'r*s she rather chose,  
 Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose.'  
 Then lady *Cynthia*, Mistress of the shade,  
 Goes, with the *fashionable* Owls, to bed:<sup>13</sup> 210  
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denys,  
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.  
 Others, with curious arts dim charms revive,

And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.  
 You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite, 215  
 To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;  
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then  
 Revolves into her native *red* agen.  
 Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,  
 And is her own dear rival in your arms. 220

But *one* admirer has the painted lass,  
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.  
 Yet *Laura*'s beautiful to such excess,  
 That all her *art* scarce makes her please *the less*:  
 To deck the female cheek, *He* only knows, 225  
 Who paints less fair the *lilly*, and the *rose*.

How gay they smile! Such blessings *nature* pours.  
 O'erstockt mankind enjoy but half her stores;  
 In distant wilds, by whom human eyes unseen,  
 She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green. 230  
 Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
 And *waste* their musick<sup>14</sup> on the savage race.  
 Is *Nature* then a niggard of her bliss?  
 Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?  
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse, 235  
 And painted *Art*'s deprav'd allurement chuse.  
 Such *Fulvia*'s passion for the town; fresh air  
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;  
 Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,  
 And larks, and nightingales, and odious things; 240  
 But smoak, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;  
 And to be prest to death transports her quite:  
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,  
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,  
 Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets, 245

And stops her noise at beds of Violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?  
Or is the publick to the private scene?  
*Retir'd*, we tread a smooth, and open way:  
Through briars, and brambles in the *world* we stray; 250  
*Stiff* opposition, and *perplexed* debate,  
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,  
Which choak our passage, our career controul,  
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat! 255

Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!  
By thy pure stream, or by thy waving shade,  
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid:  
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace  
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*. 260  
*There*, from the ways of men lay'd safe ashore,  
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;  
*There*, blest with health, with business unperplexed,  
*This* life we relish, and ensure the next;  
*There* too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free, 265  
*Pierian Eastbury!*<sup>15</sup> I owe to thee.

There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:  
Their sacred force *Amelia* feels in town.  
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;  
A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit: 270  
Both wits, though miracles are said to cease,  
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;  
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,  
On Durfy's<sup>16</sup> poesy, and Bunyan's<sup>17</sup> prose,  
The learned war, both wage with equal force, 275  
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce,  
Phoebe, tho' she possesses nothing less,

Is proud of being rich in happiness.  
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
 Content with pain, since they're reputed joys; 280  
 With what well acted transport will she say,  
 'Well, sure we were so happy *yesterday!*  
 And then that charming party for *to-morrow.*'  
 Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:  
 But she dares never boast the *present* hour, 285  
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power.  
 For such is or our weakness, or our curse,  
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
 The present moment like a Wife we shun,  
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own.* 290

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;  
 Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*,  
 We strive to grasp it with out utmost skill,  
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:  
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains, 295  
 What is it, but rank poyson in your veins?

As *Flavia* in her glass an angel spies,  
*Pride* whispers in her ear pernicious lies:  
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
 There's no satiety of charms divine. 300  
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.  
 She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,  
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd.  
 The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found 305  
 (Surprising sight!) his Bride in sorrow drown'd.  
 'What miracle, says *Strephon*, makes thee weep?'  
 'Ah, barbarous man she crys, how could you—*sleep?*'  
 Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;

How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*? 310  
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,  
 We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:  
 But soon the sated appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.  
*Eternal* love let Man, then, never swear, 315  
 Let Women never *triumph*, nor *despair*.  
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;  
 Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.  
 There is indeed a passion more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.  
 But not of that unfashionable set 321  
 Is *Phillis*; *Phillis* and her *Damon* met.  
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste;  
*Phillis* demands eternal love at *least*.  
 Embracing *Phillis* with soft-smiling eyes, 325  
*Eternal* love I vow, the Swain replies:  
 But say, my *all!* my *mistress*, and my *friend*!  
 What day next week the *eternity* shall *end*?  
 Some nymphs prefer *Astronomy*<sup>18</sup> to *Love*,  
 Elope from mortal man, and range above. 330  
 The fair Philosopher to Rowley<sup>19</sup> flies,  
 Where, in a *box*, the whole Creation lies.  
 She sees the planets in their turns advance;  
 And scorns, *Poitier*,<sup>20</sup> thy sublunary dance.  
 Of *Desagulier*<sup>21</sup> she bespeaks fresh air, 335  
 And *Whiston*<sup>22</sup> has *engagements* with the fair.  
 What vain experiments *Sophronia* tries!  
 'Tis not in air pumps the gay Colonel dies.  
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns,  
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains. 340  
 Lo! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,

Turns out the stars, and *Newton* is a sot.  
 To —— turn;<sup>23</sup> she never took the height,  
 Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right.  
 She strikes each point with native force of mind, 345  
 While puzzled learning blunders far behind.  
 Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,  
 The *great* are vanquisht, and the *wise* are taught.  
 Her breeding finisht, and her temper sweet,  
 When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet; 350  
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe,  
 In crowds collected; and in courts, sincere:  
 Sincere and warm, with zeal well-understood,  
 She takes a noble pride in doing good.  
 Yet, not superior to her sex's cares, 355  
 The mode she fixes, by the gown she wears;  
 Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;  
 In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;  
 And if disputes of *empire* rise between  
 Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360  
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate  
 Assumes *her* nod to close the grand debate.  
 When such her mind, why will the fair express  
 Their emulation only in their *dress*?  
 But O! the Nymph that mounts above the *Skies*,<sup>24</sup> 365  
 And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries!  
 Resolv'd the *Church*'s welfare to ensure,  
 And make her family a *Sine-cure*.  
 The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,  
 But *takes in* texts of Scripture at *picquet*; 370  
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
 And thanks her *maker* that her *cards* are good.  
 What angels would those be, who thus excell

In Theologicks, could they *sew* as well!  
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue? 375  
 Can she more decently the Doctor woe?<sup>25</sup>  
 'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*  
 Of her Religion, shou'd be barr'd in that.

*Isaac*,<sup>26</sup> a brother of the canting strain,  
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain, 380  
 To beauteous<sup>27</sup> *Marcia* often will repair  
 With a dark text, to *light* it at the *fair*.  
 O how his pious soul exults to find  
 Such love for *holy* men in womankind?  
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he 385  
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*,  
*Hums* round about her, and with all his power  
*Extracts* sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*?

The *young* and *gay* declining, *Abra*<sup>28</sup> flies  
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*: 390  
 By nature more an *Eagle*, than a *Dove*,  
 She impiously prefers the *World* to *Love*.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see  
 What *gay* distress! what splendid misery!  
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour 395  
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
 Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,  
 Like any Lord it *promises*—and *pays*.  
 How will the miser startle, to be told  
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?  
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight; 400  
 All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,  
 Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view,  
 It charms us *now*, *anon* we cast anew,  
 To some fresh birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd; 405

Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers who make worth their care,  
And think accomplishments will win the fair:

The *fair* 'tis true by *Genius* shou'd be won,

As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun*; 410

And yet in female scales a *fop* out-weighs,

And wit must wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.

Nought shines so bright in vain *Liberia's* eye

As riot, impudence, and perfidy;

The youth of fire, that had drunk deep and play'd, 415

And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;

For him, as yet un-hang'd, she spreads her charms,

Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;

And amply gives (though treated long amiss)

The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*. 420

If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,

But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,

Who was not born to carry her own weight;

She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid

425

To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.

Then, if ordain'd to do *severe* a doom,

She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:

But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs

To scale the *Alps*—that is, ascend the *stairs*. 430

*My* fan! let others say, who laugh at toil,

Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconick* style.

And that is spoke with such a dying fall,

That *Betty* rather *sees* than *hears* the call:

The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,

435

Piece out the Idea her faint words deny.

O listen with attention most profound!

Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.  
 And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head. 440  
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gigantick *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;  
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate! 445  
 That *Rosolinda* can't by *proxy* eat.  
 An *antidote* in female caprice lies,  
 (Kind Heav'n!) against the *poysen* of their eyes.  
 Thalestris<sup>29</sup> triumphs in a manly mein;  
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,  
 In fair, and open dealing where's the shame? 450  
 What Nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.  
 This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,  
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.  
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assigned  
 If wanton language shows a *naked* mind.) 455  
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
 An oath supplies the vacancys of sense.  
 Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
 And teach the neighb'ring ecchos how to swear. 460  
 By *Jove*, is faint, and for the simple swain;  
 She, on the christian System, is prophane.  
 But though the volley rattles in your ear,  
 Believe her *dress*, she's not a granadeer.  
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread, 465  
 When *Jove* deputes a lady in his stead?  
 A *Lady*? pardon my mistaken pen,  
 A shameless woman is the worst of *Men*.  
 Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,

Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;  
The last result of an accomplish't mind,  
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.

470

A violated decency, now, reigns;  
And Nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.  
With *Indian*<sup>30</sup> painters modern *toasts* agree,

475

The point they aim at is *deformity*:

They *throw* their persons with a *hoydon-air*  
Across the room and *toss* into a chair.

So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.

480

The modest look, the castigated grace,

The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,  
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parent's *pay'd*,

Are indecorums with the *modern maid*.

Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,  
Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.

485

Modern good-breeding carry to its height.

And lady D—— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain's isle*!

When high-born *Anna*<sup>31</sup> with a soften'd smile,

490

Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,

What seems most hard, is *not* to be well-bred,

Her bright example with success pursue.

And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me something *more*,

495

Cries, *Lyce*,<sup>32</sup> on the borders of *threescore*;

Nought treads so silent as the foot of *Time*:

Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;

'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,

The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.

500

Autumnal *Lyce* carries in her face,

*Memento mori* to each publick place.  
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,  
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms.  
 While rival *undertakers* hover round, 505  
 And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,  
 Intent not on her own, but others doom,  
 She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.  
 In vain the cock has summon'd *sprights* away,  
 She walks the noon, and blasts the bloom of day. 510  
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,  
 And nought of *Lyce* but *herself* is old.  
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,  
 And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.  
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve, 515  
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.  
 She grants, indeed, a Lady *may* decline,  
 (All Ladies *but herself*) at *ninety-nine*.  
 O how unlike her was the sacred age  
 Of prudent *Portia*? Her gray hairs *engage*, 520  
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.  
*Virtue*'s the paint that can make *wrinkles* shine.  
 That, and that *only* can old age sustain,  
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.  
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new, 525  
 And yearly some are falling of the *few*;  
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
 And downward tend into the vale of age,  
 They drop *a-pace*; by *nature* some decay,  
 And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away; 530  
 Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud  
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.  
 Where's *Portia* now?—But *Portia* left behind

Two lovely copies of her form and mind.  
 What heart untouched their *early* grief can view, 535  
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?  
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?  
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide; 540  
*Fancy* and *passion* toss it to and fro,  
 A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.  
 Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust,  
 Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.  
 Life swarms with ills, the *boldest* are afraid, 545  
 Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?  
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes  
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!  
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
 The least obliging; and by favours, lost. 550  
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,  
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.  
 If on your fame, *our* sex a blot has thrown,  
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.  
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies; 555  
 And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:  
 Then please the *best*: and know, for men of sense  
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
*Arts* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,  
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.  
 In *simple* manners all the secret lies; 561  
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.  
 Vain *show*, and *noise*, intoxicate the brain,  
 Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.  
 Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise, 565

Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.  
*Your sex's glory, 'tis, to shine unknown,*  
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.  
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst  
With which the age is eminently curst. 570  
To drink of *pleasure* but inflames desire,  
And abstinence alone can quench the fire,  
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,  
Give peace in *hand*, and promise bliss to *come*.

## RICHARD SAVAGE

Dr. Johnson's *Life of Savage* is one of the Classics of Biography, and Mr. Makower has supplemented it with much liveliness and research; but for convenience an outline is given here.

Savage was born, to the Countess of Macclesfield, on January 10, 1698; his father was alleged to be Earl Rivers. The Countess had her child removed, but his grandmother, Lady Mason, and his godmother, Mrs. Lloyd, took care of him. As he grew up his mother's attitude towards him became hostile; and it was through her that he was condemned for a time to the life of a shoemaker's apprentice in Holborn. When at length he discovered her identity he attempted, but failed, to soften her heart; and, thrown upon his own resources, took to the trade of literature. A poem on the Bangorian controversy was composed, and forgotten; a play, *Woman's a Riddle*, brought no profit; but through another comedy, *Love in a Veil*, written when he was nearly twenty, he obtained the protection of Steele and Wilks the actor. From his tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, performed after Theo. Cibber had 'edited' it severely, he obtained £100; and Hill, who criticised it, was afterwards instrumental in helping him to sell his Miscellany of poems, and published his work in his weekly journal, *The Plain Dealer*.

In 1727 Savage was involved in a brawl which landed him in prison, and almost at the foot of the gallows, when his mother attempted to frustrate an attempt to procure a pardon through Queen Caroline. But, the good offices of the Countess of Hertford prevailing, he was pardoned and set at liberty. During the happier times which followed, while he was enjoying Lord Tyrconnel's bounty, he published *The Bastard* (1728), *The Wanderer* (1729), and the prose satire *An Author to be Let*. Then Savage was foolish

enough to sell some of Lord Tyrconnel's books, which the latter recognised in a shop window; and this source of patronage was closed to the poet. There appears to have been some not unjustifiable glee at his downfall. Between 1732 and 1738 he wrote the 'Volunteer Laureat' series; while his considerable poem *Of Public Spirit in Regard to Public Works* belongs to 1737. His *Progress of a Divine* brought him into the dock in 1735 on a charge of obscenity, which was dismissed. At this time Savage lived in miserable circumstances; and his sufferings were scarcely alleviated by the appearance of a travesty of himself upon the stage, in the character of a needy poet in Miller's play, *The Coffee House* (1737). But it was in this period that his friendship with Johnson developed. Pope also knew him—possibly too well.

In 1739 he left for Bristol, where he enjoyed lavish hospitality; and he returned thither after staying for about a year in South Wales, where he wrote *The Employment of Beauty*, published 1741, the year in which *False Historians* appeared. He lingered at Bristol until in January, 1743, he was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read, a coffee-house keeper, and was imprisoned in the Bristol Newgate. At first he wrote, 'I believe she has ruined me; but I freely forgive her', though in a later mood, as Makower points out, he referred to her as 'Madam Wolf Bitch'. His Bristol friends, Bowyer and others, offered good advice, but no money; but Dagge, the prison keeper, treated him most considerately, and even tried to open negotiations with Mrs. Read, but without success. That Savage did not forgive Mrs. Read or the citizens of Bristol for what he regarded as a persecution is evident from *London and Bristol Delineated*, where he presents them as provincial and sexually abnormal barbarians. In July, 1743, he was seized with a fever; on the 31st of the month, when in a dying condition, he attempted to make some statement to the prison keeper, but failed, and passed away during the night.

*London and Bristol Delineated* (a title which, Johnson tells us, Savage preferred to that of *London and Bristol Compar'd*\*)

\* See Makower's *Savage*.

was written in prison, and sent to Cave the printer, in the circumstances mentioned by Johnson in his *Life*.\* The immediate result of its announcement was to incense the people of Bristol, at whose mercy he lay, and so to make his lot even harder than it was already. Taken on its merits, it is a good example of the satire of fierce indignation—quite apart from the question whether such indignation was wholly justified. It is sufficient that we have a strong and valuable piece of satire on Provincialism, vehemently passionate, immature, and sometimes even crude, yet full of the promise of an achievement which death frustrated.

*The Progress of a Divine* is beyond doubt his best satirical piece, but to reprint it would be, no doubt, to incur the censure of the same stupid tyranny that has banned *Ulysses*. And so, protesting, we must make shift with *The Poet's Dependance on a Statesman*.

\* See also Introduction, p. 3.

# <sup>1</sup>LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPAR'D<sup>2</sup>

## A SATIRE

TWO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia's* Fame,  
And these from<sup>3</sup> Commerce different Honours claim.  
What different Honours shall the Muses pay,  
While one inspires, and one untunes the lay?

Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along, 5  
Echoing from *Oxford's* Shore each classick Song;  
Then weds with *Tame*, and these, O *London*, see  
Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!  
Wide, deep, unsully'd *Thames*, meand'ring glides,  
And bears thy Wealth on mild majestic Tides. 10  
Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie,  
In glittering Pomp, strike wondering *China's* Eye;  
And thence returning bear, in splendid State,  
To *Britain's* Merchants *India's* eastern Freight.  
*India*, her Treasures from her western Shores, 15  
Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;  
Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,  
And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.  
Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind;  
Thy 'Change deep-busied, yet as Courts refin'd; 20  
Councils, like Senates, that enforce Debate,  
With fluent Eloquence, and Reason's weight,  
Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r controuls;  
Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.

Of these the Worthiest still selected stand,  
Still lead the Senate, and still Save the land:  
Social, not Selfish, here, O *Learning!* trace  
Thy Friends, the Lovers of all Human Race!

25

In a dark Bottom sunk, O *Bristol!* now,  
With native Malice, lift thy lowering Brow!  
Then as some Hell-born Sprite, in mortal Guise,  
The Shape of Goodness borrows<sup>4</sup> and belies,  
All fair, all smug, to yon proud Hall invite,  
To feast all Strangers, ape an Air polite!  
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England's* western Coast,  
Not elegant, yet costly Banquets boast!  
Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere;  
Praise, fawn, profess, be all Things but sincere;  
Insidious now, our bosom Secret<sup>5</sup> steal,  
And these with sly sarcastic Sneeर reveal.

30

Present, we meet thy sneaking treacherous Smiles;  
The harmless absent still thy Sneeर reviles;  
Such as in thee all Parts superior find,  
The sneer that marks the Fool and Knave combin'd;  
When melting Pity would afford Relief,  
The ruthless Sneeर that Insult adds to Grief.  
What Friendship canst thou boast? what Honours  
claim?  
To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.  
What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes excite?  
Thy Sons, to whom all Discord is Delight;  
From whom eternal mutual Railing flows;  
Who in each other's Crimes, their own expose:  
Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's Call;  
Despising all Men, and despis'd by all:

40

45

50

Sons, while thy Cliffs a ditch-like River laves, 55  
 Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves,  
 Of Thoughts as narrow as of Words immense,  
 As full of Turbulence as void of Sense?  
 Thee, Thee, what Senatorial Souls adorn?  
 Thy Natives sure would prove a Senate's Scorn. 60  
 Do Strangers deign to serve thee? what their Praise?  
 Their generous Services thy Murmurs raise.  
 What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air presides,  
 Around from Breast to Breast inherent glides,  
 And, as he glides, there scatters in a Trice 65  
 The lurking Seeds of every rank Device?  
 Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!  
 Each, each will prove, thy true-adopted Son,<sup>6</sup>  
 Proud, pert and dull—tho' brilliant once from Schools,  
 Will scorn all Learning's, as all Virtue's Rules; 70  
 And, tho' by Nature friendly, honest, brave,  
 Turn a sly, selfish, simpering, sharpening Knave.

Boast petty Courts, where 'stead of fluent Ease,  
 Of cited Precedents and learned Pleas:  
 'Stead of sage Council in the dubious Cause, 75  
 Attorneys, chatter, and<sup>7</sup> burlesque the laws.  
 So shameless Quacks, who GALEN's Art<sup>8</sup> invade,  
 Of Jargon and of Poison form a Trade.  
 So canting Cobblers, while from Tubs they teach,  
 Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach. 80

Boast petty Courts, whose Quirks<sup>9</sup> new rigour draw,  
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;  
 Quirks that explain all saving Rights away,  
 To give th' Attorney and the Catchpole Prey.

Is there where Law too rig'rous may descend? 85  
 Or Charity her kindly Hand extend?  
 Thy Chests that,<sup>10</sup> shut when Pity would redress,  
 Spontaneous open to inflict Distress.  
 Try Misdemeanours!—all thy Wiles employ,  
 Not to chastise th' Offender, but destroy ; 90  
 Bid the large lawless Fine his Fate foretell;  
 Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune swell;  
 Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood,  
 To private Welfare and to public Good,  
 Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies; 95  
 Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Boast swarming Vessels, whose Plebeian State  
 Owes not to Merchants, but Mechanicks Freight.  
 Boast nought but peddling Fleets<sup>11</sup>—in War's Alarms,  
 Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms. 100  
 Boast thy base *Tolsey* and thy turn-spit Dogs;  
 Thy Halliers Horses and thy human Hogs;  
 Upstarts and Muckworms,<sup>12</sup> proud, relentless Hearts;  
 Thou Blank of Sciences! thou Dearth of Arts!  
 Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to see! 105  
*Huns, Goths, and Vandals*, were but Types of thee.  
 Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous Ways,  
 And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise.  
 Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the Whore,  
 And be, whate'er *Gomorrah* was before. 110

## THE POET'S DEPENDANCE ON A STATESMAN

Some seem to hint, and others proof will bring,  
That, from neglect, my num'rous hardships spring.  
'Seek the great man!' they cry—'tis then decreed,  
In him, if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second? who for me shou'd sue, 5  
Have interests, partial to themselves, in view.  
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;  
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,  
No title wish, and wou'd accept no grace. 10  
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain  
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?  
A statesman, knowing this, unkind will cry,  
'Those love him: let those serve him!—why should I?'

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views; 15  
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?  
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:  
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;  
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;  
And woes on woes attend, an endless train. 20

Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,  
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.  
All secret service from my soul I hate;  
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state.

I have no power, election-votes to gain: 25  
 No will to hackney out polemic strain;  
 To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,  
 To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes;  
 Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;  
 Nor shock'd by him, with libels to assail. 30  
 Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?  
 Though mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,  
 To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?  
 No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain: 35  
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;  
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;  
 By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;  
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;  
 To lose the health, which should those thoughts in-  
 spire; 40  
 To starve on hope; or, like camelions, fare  
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,  
 Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.  
 Ne'er let me be, through those, from want exempt; 45  
 In one man's favour, in the world's contempt:  
 Worse in my own!—through those, to posts who rise,  
 Themselves in secret, must themselves despise;  
 Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim  
 Not sense alone of glory, but of shame. 50

What though I hourly see the servile herd,  
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;  
 See selfish passion, public virtue, seem;  
 And public virtue an enthusiast dream;

See favour'd falsehood, innocence belied,  
Meekness depress'd, and power-elated pride;  
A scene will show, all-righteous vision haste;  
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—  
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,  
Where falsehood, pride, and statesmen are no more! 60

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,  
A poet still is anxious after fame.

What future fame wou'd my ambition crave?  
This were my wish—could ought my memory save,  
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd, 65  
That my past life, no venal view disclos'd;  
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,  
Without the being base, the being poor;  
Say I had parts, too moderate to transcend:  
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t'offend; 70  
My heart supplying what my head denied,  
Say that, by Pope, esteem'd I liv'd and died;  
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;  
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

## ROBERT DODSLEY

Robert Dodsley was one of a large family, the children of a schoolmaster in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. He was born in 1703; and legend has it that after nearly starving as apprentice to a stocking weaver, he ran away, and obtained a place as footman to a lady. She apparently encouraged his studious habits, which bore fruit in the shape of a dramatic performance at which Pope is said to have been present. Later on he became footman to Charles Dartiquenave, or Dartineuf, of ham-pie fame, and to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, in whose house he composed several of the pieces that appeared in *The Muse in Livery, or The Footman's Miscellany* (published 1732). This volume included *The Footman* and an encomiastic *Epistle* to Stephen Duck. His ingenious didactic comedy, *The Toyshop*, was at this time (1732) submitted to Pope. Pope was pleased, and recommended it to Rich, who produced it successfully at Covent Garden in 1735. Dodsley had now made sufficient money to establish a bookshop in Pall Mall (1735), which became a *rendezvous* of cultured persons. The next two years saw the production of his play, *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, and its sequel *Sir John Cockle at Court. The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green* (1741) was the least successful of the three. Meanwhile, the publishing side of his business prospered; and between 1737 and 1738 he included in his 'lists' work by Pope, Johnson (who was just beginning), Young, Akenside, and Paul Whitehead, whose *Manners* got him into trouble.\* Another venture of his in 1741 was *The Public Register or Weekly*

\* Johnson (*Life of Pope*) says that Whitehead 'skulked and escaped, but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance' (before the Lords) 'necessary'.

*Magazine*, which attempted to rival the long established *Gentleman's Magazine*, but ran for only twenty-four numbers. *The Museum*, in which he had a share, followed in 1746,\* and in 1748 appeared *The Preceptor*, to which Johnson contributed a preface. It was he who suggested to Johnson the idea of compiling the Dictionary, and published his two well-known satires. His next original works of note were *The Triumph of Peace*, a masque with the music by Arne, performed at Drury Lane 1748-9; *The Economy of Human Life* (1750), erroneously attributed to Lord Chesterfield; *Agriculture* (published 1754), and *Melpomene*, 1758, the year in which his tragedy *Cleone* was acted at Covent Garden; and he conducted with Moore a periodical called *The World* between 1754-6. *The Annual Register*, in which he was associated with Burke, began in 1758; it proved a complete success, outlasting Dodsley's lifetime. His *Select Fables* were published in 1760. He seems to have retired prosperously from business soon after this, but to have continued in a more leisurely manner the profession that interested him, since he edited Shenstone's works on the death of that poet in 1763. He himself died at Durham on September 25, 1764; it being recorded on his tombstone that he was 'scarce exceeded by any in integrity of heart, and purity of manners and conversation'. This 'integrity' is the very salt of his satiric work, where, from the first, plain-spokenness arrests and delights the reader. In mature achievement he fell short of early promise, which was of peculiar richness in *The Footman*. The vigorous downrightness has its entries into *Modern Reasoning*, though some of these are made haltingly; and this one is both plain and awkward:

Another class of disputants there are  
More numerous than the doubting tribe by far.

\* Horace Walpole, the Wartons, Spence, Akenside, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, and William Whitehead were among the contributors.

## THE FOOTMAN

### AN EPISTLE TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT

Dear FRIEND,

Since I am now at Leisure,  
And in the Country taking Pleasure,  
If it be worth your while to hear  
A silly Footman's Business there,  
I'll try to tell in easy Rhyme,  
How I in *London* spent my Time.

5

And first,

As soon as Laziness will let me,  
I rise from Bed and down I set me  
To cleaning Glasses, Knives, and Plate, }  
And such like dirty Work as that, }  
Which (by the bye) is what I hate. }

10

This done; with expeditious Care,  
To dress myself I straight prepare;  
I clean my Buckles, black my Shoes,  
Powder my Wig, and brush my cloaths,  
Take off my Beard, and wash my Face,  
And then I'm ready for the Chace.

15

Down comes my Lady's Woman straight;  
'Where's *Robin*?' 'Here.' 'Pray take your Hat,  
And go—and go—and go—and go—  
And this—and that desire to know.'  
The Charge receiv'd, away run I,

20

And here, and there, and yonder fly,  
With Services, and How-d'-ye-does,  
Then Home return full fraught of News. 25  
Here some short time does interpose,  
'Till warm Effluvias greet my nose,  
Which from the Spits and Kettles fly,  
Declaring Dinner-time is nigh. 30  
To lay the Cloth I now prepare,  
With Uniformity and Care;  
In Order Knives and Forks are laid,  
With folded Napkins, Salt and Bread: 35  
The Sideboards glittering too appear,  
With Plate and Glass, and China-ware.  
Then Ale, and Beer, and Wine decanted,  
And all Things ready which are wanted,  
The smoaking Dishes enter in, 40  
To Stomachs sharp a grateful Scene:  
Which on the Table being plac'd,  
And some few Ceremonies past,  
They all sit down, and fall to eating,  
Whilst I behind stand silently waiting. 45  
This is the only pleasant Hour  
Which I have in the Twenty-four;  
For whilst I unregarded stand,  
With ready Salver in my Hand,  
And seem to understand no more 50  
Than just what's called for out to pour:  
I hear and mark the courtly Phrases,  
And all the Elegance that passes;  
Disputes maintain'd without Digression,  
With ready Wit and Fine Expression: 55  
The Laws of true Politeness stated,

And what Good-breeding, is debated:  
 Where all unanimously exclude  
 The vain Coquet, the formal Prude,  
 The Ceremonious and the Rude: } 60  
 The flattering, fawning, praising Train,  
 The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain; }  
 Detraction, Smut, and what's prophane. }

This happy Hour elaps'd and gone,  
 The Time of drinking Tea comes on, 65  
 The Kettle fill'd, the Water boil'd,  
 The Cream provided, Biscuits pil'd,  
 And Lamp prepar'd; I straight engage  
 The Lilliputian Equipage  
 Of Dishes, Saucers, Spoons and Tongs, 70  
 And all th' *et cetera* which thereto belongs.  
 Which, rang'd in order and decorum,  
 I carry in, and set before 'em:  
 Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,  
 And, as commanded, hand about. 75  
 This Business over, presently  
 The Hour of visiting draws nigh:  
 The Chairmen straight prepare the chair,  
 A lighted Flambeau I prepare;  
 And Orders given where to go, 80  
 We march along, and bustle thro'  
 The parting Crouds, who all stand off  
 To give us Room. O how you'd laugh!  
 To see me strut before a chair,  
 And with a stirdy Voice and Air, } 85  
 Crying—'By your leave, Sir! have a care!' }  
 From Place to Place with Speed we fly,

And Rat-tatat the Knockers cry,  
 'Pray, is your Lady, sir, within?'  
 If not, go on; if yes, we enter in. 90

Then to the Hall I guide my Steps,  
 Amongst a Croud of Brother Skips,  
 Drinking Small-beer and talking Smut,  
 And this Fool's Nonsense putting that Fool's out.  
 Whilst Oaths and Peals of Laughter meet, 95

And he who's loudest, is the greatest Wit.  
 But here amongst us the chief Trade is  
 To rail against our Lords and Ladies:  
 To aggravate their smallest Failings,  
 T' expose their Faults with saucy Railings. 100

For my Part, as I hate the Practice,  
 And see in them how base and black 'tis,  
 In some bye Place I therefore creep,  
 And sit me down, and feign to sleep:  
 And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain, 105

'Twould save my Ears much Noise and Jargon.  
 But down my Lady comes again,  
 And I'm released from my Pain.  
 To some new Place our Steps we bend,  
 The tedious Evening out to spend: 110

Sometimes, perhaps, to see the Play,  
 Assembly or the Opera;  
 Then home and sup, and thus we end the Day. } }

MODERN REASONING  
AN EPISTLE

Whence comes it, L——<sup>1</sup>, that ev'ry fool,  
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,  
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,  
And all the blind deluded world disdains;  
 Himself the only person blest with sight, 5  
 And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,  
That want of sense should make us think we're wise:  
 Yet so it is. The most egregious elf  
 Thinks none so wise or witty as himself. 10  
 Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;  
 And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul,  
Whom neither weakness binds, nor whims controul;  
With learning blest, with solid reason fraught, 15  
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:  
 Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,  
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;  
Hears every reason, every passion hides,  
Debates with calmness, and with care decides; 20  
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,  
Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he  
Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee!

Each social hour is spent in joys sublime, 25  
 While hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;  
 Through reason's paths in search of *truth* proceed,  
 And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;  
 Till from her antient cavern rais'd to light,  
 The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight. 30

How far from this the furious noisy crew,  
 Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?  
 Their greater right infer from louder tongues;  
 And strength of argument from strength of lungs,  
 Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound, 35  
 And think they conquer, when they but confound.  
 Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,  
 And drives his argument thro' both your ears;  
 And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,  
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—tongue. 40  
 In all disputes he bravely wins the day,  
 No wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the ear's sufficient curse,  
 To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.  
 Prato, a formal sage, debates with care, 45  
 A strong opponent, take him up who dare.  
 His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,  
 He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.  
 If he asserts, tho' what no man can doubt,  
 He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out. 50  
 This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so;  
 And therefore, therefore,—that, and that, you know,  
 Circles no angles have; a square has four:  
 A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.

The sum of Prato's wondrous wisdom is, 55  
 This is not that, and therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,  
 Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.  
 The first for every trifle will contend;  
 But this has no opinions to defend. 60  
 In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;  
 The man's imposed on by his very nose;  
 Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,  
 The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.  
 He thinks, yet doubts if he's possessed of thought; 65  
 Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.  
 Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird?  
 He cannot tell upon his honest word.  
 'Tis strange, so plain a point's so hard to prove;  
 I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove! 70

Another class of disputants there are,  
 More numerous than the doubting tribe by far.  
 These are your wanderers, who from the point  
 Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.  
 Vagarius, and confute him if you can, 75  
 Will hold debate with any mortal man,  
 He roves from Genesis to Revelations,  
 And quite confounds you with divine quotations.  
 Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,  
 And by that knowledge lost the tree of life; 80  
 He contradicts you, and in half an hour  
 Most plainly proves—Pope Joan the scarlet whore.  
 Nor head nor tail his argument affords,  
 A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;  
 Most of them true, but so together tost 85

Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,  
 Another clan alarms us; face about:  
 See, arm'd with grave authority they come,  
 And with great names and numbers, strike us dumb. 90  
 With these an error ven'able appears,  
 For having been believed three thousand years.  
 Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall.  
 And strength of argument's no strength at all.  
 But on, my muse, tho' multitudes oppose us, 95  
 Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:  
 Nor fear, tho' ancient sages are subjoin'd;  
 A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.  
 'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?  
 Plato and Aristotle were but men. 100  
 I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,  
 And therefore no sufficient guides for me.  
 An error, tho' by half the world espous'd,  
 Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;  
 And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd, 105  
 Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.  
 How foolish then will look your mighty wise,  
 Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!

But on, my Muse, another tribe demands  
 Thy censure yet: nor should they scape thy hands. 110  
 These are the passionate; who in dispute,  
 Demand submission, monarchs absolute.  
 Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,  
 They damn all those for fools that won't submit.  
 Sir Testy (thwart sir Testy if you dare) 115

Swears there's inhabitants in every star.  
 If you presume to say this mayn't be true,  
 'You lie, sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.'  
 What he asserts, if any disbelieve,  
 How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.      120  
 He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;  
 But men are so perverse they will not hear.  
 With him, SWIFT treads a dull, trite, beaten way;  
 In YOUNG no wit, no humour smiles in GAY;  
 Nor truth, nor virtue, POPE, adorns thy page;      125  
 And THOMPSON's LIBERTY<sup>2</sup> corrupts the age.  
 This to deny, if any dare presume,  
 'Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy' fill the room.  
 Hillario, who full well this humour knows,  
 Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,      130  
 Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,  
 And entertains 'em with a roast sir-loin:  
 Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,  
 And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.  
 The rest begin. 'Sir Testy, pray fall to—      135  
 You love roast beef, sir, come—I know you do.'  
 'Excuse me, sir, 'tis what I never eat.'  
 'How, Sir, not love roast beef! the king of meat!'  
 'Tis true indeed.' 'Indeed it is not true;  
 I love it, sir, and you must love it too.'      140  
 'I can't upon my word.' 'Then you're a fool,  
 And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.  
 Not love roast beef!—come, come, sirs, fill his plate,  
 I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d—ye, eat.'  
 Sir Testy finding what it was they meant,      145  
 Rose in a passion, and away he went.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART

On April 11, 1722, Christopher Smart was born prematurely at Shipbourne, Kent. His father was steward to the Kentish property of Lord Darlington, and died insolvent, when Christopher, aged eleven, was at school at Maidstone. But young Smart, who had shown poetical symptoms when four years old, received assistance and patronage from the nobility; the Duchess of Cleveland allowed him £40 a year, and he was sent to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739. At Cambridge he was brilliant and wayward; he acquired, as his translations show (notably, that of *The Essay on Criticism*), a skill at Latinity that eventually brought him into amiable relations with Pope. After some pecuniary difficulties arising from the 'pace' of his undergraduate life, he took his B.A. degree in 1743, and two years later obtained a fellowship at Pembroke Hall. While at Cambridge he composed a comic play (*A Trip to Cambridge*), and after taking his M.A. degree in 1747, submitted five poems, each of which won the Seatonian Prize in five different years. These all dealt with aspects of the Supreme Being—one aspect to each poem, as, The Eternity, The Immensity, The Omniscience, the Power, and the Goodness (1750-5). He missed the year 1754 when he was newly married to Miss Carnan,\* after leaving College; and during part of the year he may have been incapacitated by the mental trouble which was disturbing him about this time. During 1750-5 he was active in other directions, contributing to *The Student*, and writing, with his friend Newbery, most of an humorous periodical pleasantly entitled *The Midwife, or the Old Woman's Magazine*, which Fanny Burney knew—or

\* Stepdaughter to the bookseller Newbery, his friend and publisher.

knew of. In 1752 he collected and published his poems, which were noticed by several critics, including Dr. Hill; and so began the quarrel which resulted in that admirable poem *The Hilliad* (1753). It was typical of Hill's double-dealing nature that, while he affected friendship for Smart in his *Inspectors*, he abused him anonymously in the only number of *The Impertinent* which appeared.\* Hill attempted, but without success, to make an effective reply to Smart's satire with a *Smartiad*. Smart was meanwhile making literary acquaintance which included Johnson, Garrick, and Dr. Burney. Burney set some of his songs to music; Garrick once gave him (in 1759) a benefit at Drury Lane; and when he was suffering from recurrent fits of madness between 1754 and 1756, Dr. Johnson rendered assistance with his pen, by contributing to *The Universal Visitor and Memorialist*, in which Smart had an interest. His madness, which was largely of a religious nature, abated sufficiently for him to live, according to Dr. Hawkesworth, 'with very decent people' near St. James's Park, and to translate Horace (published 1757). But he was shut up in 1759. His *Song to David* (1763) was followed next year by *Hannah*, an oratorio. In 1765 he put forth the Fables of Phaedrus, translated into English verse; and in 1768 some nursery scripture verses for young master Bonnell Thornton.

The final period of his life was not happy; debt carried him to the King's Bench Prison, where he lived in the Rules until he died of a liver complaint on May 18, 1770.

Roughly speaking, there are two Smarts in poetry, the religious (and mad) Smart of *The Song to David*, who has been over-praised, and the secular and thoroughly sane Smart of *The Hilliad*, who is still neglected. Enough has been said, on the literary side, of our lunatic poets; though there may be still more room for discussion of 'l'art chez les fous'† amongst the alienists. It remains for us to pay closer

\* Smart reprints *The Impertinent* passage as prolegomena to *The Hilliad* in 1753 ed. See also *Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. 1752.

† Cf. the book bearing that title by Marcel Réja.

attention to arts which, like satire, are produced in their finest form by a healthy brain. *The Hilliad*, which adduces no evidence of a morbid condition, may be prized for the virtuosity of its fencing, the deadly precision and coolness of its thrusts, and the good humour and intellectual suppleness of its author.

### THE HILLIAD

Thou, God of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial bowl,  
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole;  
And thou, fair Justice, of immortal line,  
Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,  
Who aims at triumph by no common ways, 5  
But on the stem of dulness grafts the bays.

O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,  
Pimp! Poet! Puffer! 'Pothecary! Play'r!

Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,  
Like the huge Earth, self-center'd in the void, 10  
Accept one part'ner thy own worth t' explore,  
And in thy praise be singular no more.

Say, Muse, what demon, foe to ease and truth,  
First from the mortar dragg'd th' adventrous youth,  
And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of men, 15  
Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen?

'Twas on a day (O may that day appear  
No more, but lose its station in the year,  
In the new style be not its name enroll'd  
But share annihilation in the old!) 20  
A tawny Sybil, whose alluring song,  
Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,

First from the counter young Hillario charm'd,  
 And first his unambitious soul alarm'd—  
 An old striped curtain cross her arms was flung, 25  
 And tatter'd tap'stry o'er her shoulders hung;  
 Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,  
 That more than spoke diversity of dirt;  
 With age her back was double and awry,  
 Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye, 30  
 Cold palsy shook her head—she seem'd at most  
 A living corpse, or an untimely ghost,  
 With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,  
 And more than mortal was the infernal sound.

‘Sweet boy, who seem'st for glorious deeds design'd,  
 O come and leave that clyster pipe behind; 36  
 Cross this prophetic hand with silver coin,  
 And all the wealth and fame, I have, is thine’—  
 She said—he (for what stripling cou'd withstand?)  
 Straight with his ONLY sixpence grac'd her hand. 40  
 And now the precious fury all her breast  
 At once invaded, and at once possess'd;  
 Her eye was fixed in an extatic stare,  
 And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair:  
 No more her colour, or her looks the same, 45  
 But moonshine madness quite convuls'd her frame,  
 While, big with fate, again she silence broke,  
 And in few words voluminously spoke.

‘In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,  
 Either a tripod, or a triple-tree, 50  
 For, Oh! I ken by mysteries profound,  
 Too light to sink, thou never can'st be drown'd—  
 Whate'er thy end, the Fates are now at strife,  
 Yet strange variety shall check thy life—

Thou grand dictator of each public show, 55  
 Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,  
 Survey man's vice, self-prais'd, and self prefer'd,  
 And be th' Inspector of th' infected herd;  
 By any means aspire at any ends,  
 Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends, 60  
 The chequer'd world's before thee—go—farewell,  
 Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell.'  
 Here from her breast th' inspiring fury flew:  
 She ceas'd—and instant from his sight withdrew.  
 Fir'd with his fate, and conscious of his worth, 65  
 The beardless wight prepar'd to sally forth.  
 But first ('twas just, 'twas natural to grieve)  
 He sigh'd and took a soft pathetic leave.  
 'Farewel, a long farewell to all my drugs,  
 My labell'd vials, and my letter'd jugs; 70  
 And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge,  
 Where all my Latin stands inscrib'd at large;  
 Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw'rs adieu,  
 Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,  
 And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe, 75  
 Th' ear-sifting syringe, and back-piercing pipe,  
 Farewel—my day of glory's on the dawn,  
 And now,—Hillario's occupation's gone.'

Quick with the word his way the hero made,  
 Conducted by a glorious cavalcade; 80  
 Pert Petulance the first attracts his eye,  
 And drowsy Dulness slowly saunters by,  
 With Malice old, and Scandal ever new,  
 And neutral Nonsense, neither false nor true,  
 Infernal Falsehood next approach'd the band 85

With \* \* \* and the koran in her hand.  
 Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,  
 Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.  
 Next spiteful Enmity, gangren'd at heart,  
 Presents a dagger and conceals a dart. 90

On th' earth crawls Flatt'ry with her bosom bare,  
 And Vanity sails over him in air.

Such was the groupe—they bow'd and they ador'd,  
 And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.  
 Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies, 95  
 Th' exulting hero, thus triumphant cries.  
 'Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,  
 Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,  
 While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,  
 Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire; 100  
 No foreign aid my daring pen shall chuse,  
 But boldly versify without a Muse.  
 I'll teach Minerva, I'll inspire the Nine,  
 Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,  
 And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel twine.' 105

He said—and Clamour of Commotion born,  
 Rear'd to the skies her ear-afflicting horn,  
 While JARGON grav'd his titles on a block,  
 And styl'd him M.D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

But now the harbingers of fate and fame 110  
 Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came.  
 Lo! (though mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl,  
 Eyed the bright Sun, and hail'd him with an howl,  
 Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas, (a numerous crew!)  
 And gnats and grubworms crowded on his view, 115  
 Insects! without the microscopic aid,

Gigantic by the eye of Dulness made!  
And stranger still—and never heard before!  
A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar.  
But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,  
Heighten'd each hope and every fear disarm'd) 120  
On an high dome a damsel took her stand,  
With a well freighted jordan in her hand,  
Where curious mixtures strove on every side  
And solid sounds with laxer fluids vied—  
Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large, 125  
She soused—and gave at once a full discharge.  
Not Archimedes, when with conscious pride,  
'I've found it out! I've found it out!' he cry'd,  
Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat,  
Not grave Grimalkin when she smells a rat: 130  
Not the shrewd statesman when he scents a plot,  
Not coy Prudelia, when she knows what's what,  
Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck!)  
His keen discernment found another Duck. 135  
With such extatic transports did abound,  
As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found.  
'Ye gods, I thank ye, to profusion free,  
Thus to adorn, and thus distinguish me,  
And thou, fair, Cloacina, whom I serve, 140  
(If a desire to please, is to deserve,)  
To you I'll consecrate my future lays,  
And on the smoothest paper print my soft essays.'  
No more he spoke; but slightly slid along,  
Escorted by the miscellaneous throng. 145

And now, thou goddess, whose fire-darting eyes  
Defy all distance and transpierce the skies,

To men the councils of the Gods relate,  
And faithfully describe the grand debate.

The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call 150  
The Gods assembled in th' ethereal hall,  
From his bright throne the deities addrest:

'What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,  
With din prophane assaults immortal ears,  
And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres? 155  
Nature, my hand-maid, yet without a stain,  
Has never once productive prov'd in vain,  
'Till now—luxuriant and regardless quite  
Of her divine, eternal rule of right,  
On mere privation sh'as bestow'd a frame, 160  
And dignify'd a nothing with a name,  
A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace,  
Th' insolvent tenant of incumber'd space.

'Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,'  
(Replies the god of theft and eloquence.) 165  
'A hand mercurial, ready to convey,  
E'en in the presence of the garish day,  
The work an English classic late has writ,  
And by adoption be the sire of wit—  
Sure to be this is to be something—sure, 170  
Next to perform, 'tis glorious to procure.  
Small was th' exertion of my god-like soul,  
When privately Apollo's herd I stole,  
Compar'd to him, who braves th' all-seeing Sun,  
And boldly bids th' astonish'd world look on.' 175

Her approbation Venus next exprest,  
And on Hillario's part the throne addrest,  
'If there be any praise the nails to pare,

And in soft ringlets wreathè th' elastic hair,  
In talk and tea to triflè time away, 180  
The mien so easy and the dress so gay!  
Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown,  
With whom, coy Sylvia trusts herself alone;  
With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,  
The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife. 185  
What tho' he ne'er assume the post of Mars;  
By me disbanded from all amorous wars;  
His fancy (if not person) he employs,  
And oft ideal countesses enjoys—  
Tho' hard his heart, yet beauty shall controul, 190  
And sweeten all the rancour of his soul,  
While his black self, Florinda ever near,  
Shows like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear.'

When Pallas—thus—'Cease—ye immortals—cease,  
Nor rob serene stupidity of peace— 195  
Should Jove himself in calculation mad  
Still negatives to blank negations add,  
How could the barren cyphers ever breed,  
But nothing still from nothing would proceed?  
Raise or depress—or magnify—or blame,  
Inanity will ever be the same.'

'Not so' (says Phœbus), 'my celestial friend,  
E'en blank privation has its use and end—  
How sweetly shadows recommend the light,  
And darkness renders my own beams more bright! 205  
How rise from filth the violet and rose!  
From emptiness how softest music flows!  
How absence to possession adds a grace,  
And modest vacancy to all gives place?  
Contrasted when fair Nature's works we spy, 210

More they allure the mind and more they charm the eye.

So from Hillario some effect may spring,  
E'en him—that slight Penumbra of a thing.'

Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,  
And drowsily a few dull words he spoke—  
Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,  
And had a soporific pow'r to please,  
Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,  
But at the very sound was lull'd to sleep again. 215

Momus the last of all, in merry mood,  
As moderator in th' assembly stood.

'Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye gods of mirth,  
What! not regard my deputy on Earth?  
Whose chymic skill turns brass to gold with ease,  
And out of Cibber forges Socrates? 225

Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,  
And forms an union betwixt wrong and right?  
Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)  
Repents, and is religious at the last?

A paltry play'r, that in no parts succeeds,  
A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.

The trumpet of a base deserted cause,  
Damn'd to the scandal of his own applause;  
While thus he stands a general wit confest,  
With all these titles, all these talents blest, 235  
Be he by Jove's authority assign'd,  
The UNIVERSAL BUTT of all mankind.'

So spake and ceas'd the joy-exciting God,  
And Jove immediate gave th' assenting nod,  
When Fame her adamantine trump uprear'd, 24

And thus th' irrevocable doom declar'd.

'While in the vale perennial fountains flow,  
And fragrant zephyrs musically blow,  
While the majestic sea from pole to pole,  
In horrible magnificence shall roll, 245  
While yonder glorious canopy on high  
Shall overhang the curtains of the sky,  
While the gay seasons their due course shall run,  
Ruled by the brilliant stars and golden Sun,  
While wit and fool antagonists shall be, 250  
And sense and taste and nature shall agree,  
While love shall live, and rapture shall rejoice,  
Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne and Boyce,  
While with joint force o'er humour's droll domain,  
Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign, 255  
While thinking figures from the canvas start,  
And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art.  
So long in gross stupidity's extreme,  
Shall H—ll th' ARCH-DUNCE remain o'er every dunce  
supreme.'

#### NOTES VARIORUM

*Thou god of jest:* As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and conduce them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renown'd worthies above-mentioned. Hence

our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that in the present case, it cannot be said—*facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum*; which may serve to show our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the follies of fancy and humorous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict, poetic justice.

*Shakes the pole:* Several cavils have been raised against this passage. QUINBUS FLESTRIN,<sup>1</sup> the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critic as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict; and tho' Horace lays it down as rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the Heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says, in his excellent tracts, that 'the deity is a joyous being.'

MARTINUS MACULARIUS.  
M.D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. &c.

*Grafts the bays:* Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. Hill's Natural History of Trees and Plants,

vol. 52, page 336, saith, it has been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dulness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. ERASMUS in his encomium on folly shows how it may be accomplished; in our own times POPE and GARTH<sup>2</sup> found means to do the same; and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches like the tree in VIRGIL,

‘Nec longum tempus, et ingens  
Exiit ad cœ lum ramis felicibus arbos,  
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.’<sup>3</sup>

*Pimp*: An old English word for a mean fellow; see CHAUCER and SPENCER.

*Poet*: QUINBUS FLESTRIN saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper’s,<sup>4</sup> who it seems is not a little proud of ‘the words by Dr. Hill, and the music by Lewis Granon.<sup>5</sup> Esq.’ This opinion is further confirmed by Major England,<sup>6</sup> who admires the pretty turns on Kitty and Kate, and Catherine and Katy,<sup>7</sup> but from these venerable authorities, judicious reader, you may boldly dissent *meo periculo*. MART. MAC.

*Puffer*: Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; ‘you have discovered many of the

beauties of the ancients; they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were they alive they would thank you.' His constant custom of running on in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

'Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;  
An insect vile and mean,  
Must first, he knows, be magnify'd  
Before it can be seen.'

*'Pothecary, Play'r:* For both these, *vide* Woodward's<sup>8</sup> letter,<sup>9</sup> *passim*.

*Like the huge Earth:* The allusion here seems to be taken from Ovid, who describes the Earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertiae*.

Pendebat in aere tellus,  
Ponderibus librata suis . . .<sup>10</sup>

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

(This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns, Philomath.)

*Say, Muse:* Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consum-

mate vanity, to his own perverse inclination, but with greater candour insinuates that some demon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in POPE,

Some demon whisper'd Visto have a taste.<sup>11</sup>

Hence then arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the demon above-mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at misrepresenting circumstances, for which *vide* all the INSPECTORS.

*May that day appear:* This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem:

Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,  
And make two lovers happy.<sup>12</sup>

The request is extremely modest, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is still more reasonable in his demand, and it appears by the alteration in the style,<sup>13</sup> that his scheme may be reduced to practice though the other is mighty fine in theory. The INSPECTOR is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.<sup>14</sup>

*A tatter'd tap'stry:*<sup>15</sup> Our author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetic imagery. HOMER has described the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; VIRGIL has followed him in this point, and indeed both he and OVID seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we

admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impressed upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here-mentioned. In one part our hero was administering to a patient, 'and the fresh vomit runs for ever green.'<sup>16</sup> The theatre at May-fair seemed to rise in an uproar—the gallery opened its rude throats—and apples, oranges and half-pence flew about our hero's ears.—The Mall in St. James' Park was displayed in beautiful vista, and you might perceive Hillario with his janty air waddling along.—In Mary-le-Bone Fields, he was dancing round a glow worm, and finally the Rotunda at Ranelagh<sup>17</sup> filled the eye with its magnificence, and in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear; 'the very worsted still looked black and blue'.<sup>18</sup> There were many other curious figures, but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them.

POLYMETIS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

*Th' astonish'd hair:* This passage seems to be an imitation of the Sybil in the sixth book of VIRGIL;

Subito non vultus, non color unus  
Nec comtae mansere comae. . . .<sup>19</sup>

and is admirably expressive of the witch's prophetic fury, and ushers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with proper solemnity.—

(This note is by one of the Æolists,<sup>20</sup> mentioned with honour in the Tale of a Tub.)

*Be th' Inspector &c.:* When the distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to superintend the beasts, and to direct

that such, as were found to be infected, should be knocked on the head. This officer was called the Inspector, and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

*Beware of Irishmen*<sup>21</sup> &c.: It is extremely probable that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics; he seems frequently to have them in his eye, and such an air of enthusiasm runs through his whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in Homer and Virgil. The whole is delivered in breaks, and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Irish is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in VIRGIL,

Bella, horrida bella,

Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.<sup>22</sup>

and again

Alius Latio jam partus Achilles.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe, it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles, so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

*Farewell, a long farewell*: The ingenious Mr. L—der<sup>23</sup> says that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription, and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called Mr. Smart's Use and Abuse of the Moderns. But with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from cardinal Woolsey's speech, and from Othello.

*Neutral Nonsense*, &c.: The train, here described, is

worthy of Hillario, pertness, dulness, scandal and malice &c. being the very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic, and it is not without propriety that nonsense is introduced with the epithet, neutral; nonsense being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram.—

Word-valiant wight, thou great he shrew,  
That wrangles to no end;  
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,  
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

*Falsehood:* This lady is described with two books in her hand, but our author chusing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please, insert Echard, Higgons<sup>24</sup> &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, should falsehood be given to Hillario?—Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talent that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he caned a gentleman who he called by the name of Mario; what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag who shall be nameless.

To beat one man great Hill was fated;  
What man?—a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here:

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,  
And candidly tells us—'tis all a-damn'd lye:  
Dear doctor—this candour from you is not wanted  
For why shou'd you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

*Crawls Flatt'ry, &c.*: Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has taken a dislike; but from the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram:

An author's writings oft reveal,  
Where now and then he takes a meal.  
Invite him once a week to dinner,  
He'll saint you, tho' the vilest sinner.  
Have you a smiling, vacant face,  
He gives you soul, expression, grace.  
Swears what you will, unswears it too;  
What will not beef and pudding do?

*Without a Muse, &c.* No the devil a bit! I am the only person that can do that! My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any Muse, and better than all Smart's poetry.—The Muses are strumpets—they frequently give an intellectual *Gonorrhœa*—Court debt not paid—I'll never be poet laureate. Coup de grace unanswerable—Our foes shall knuckle—five pounds to any bishop that will equal this—*Gum guiacum Latin* for *lignum vitae*. Adam the first Dutchman—victorious stroke for old England—Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.<sup>25</sup>

Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel  
Saturday 13th. of January, and old style for ever.

*Jargon grav'd, &c.*: Jargon is here properly introduced graving our hero's titles, which are admirably brought

into verse, but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator H—ley,<sup>26</sup> takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect. 'Jargon is meant for me. There is more music in a peal of marrow-bones and cleavers than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals.—A rationalist—Lover of *mankande*, Glastonberry thorn.—huzza boys.—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain.' See *Oratory Tracts. &c.* 10036. Patience, good Mr. Orator! we are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe that jargon has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bordeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to *Martinus Macularius*, by a fellow of that society:

J'ai bien reçu la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrollé dans notre société, & son nom est parfaitement inconnu ici. J'attends de vos nouvelles, &c.

*Moths, Mites, &c.:*

The important objects of his future speculations!

O would the sons of men once think their eyes,  
And reason given 'em but to study flies.

M. MACULARIUS.

*Dulness made:* This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

As things seem large which we through mists discry,  
Dulness is very apt to magnify.<sup>27</sup>

*Wooden lion<sup>28</sup> roar'd:* Not the black lion in *Salisbury-court*, *Fleet Street*, where the *New Craftsman* is pub-

lished, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford,<sup>29</sup> who may truly be said to have been alive, when animated by Addison and Steele, though now reduced to that state of blockheadism, which is so conspicuous in his master.

Ficulnus, inutile lignum.<sup>30</sup> BENTLEY junior.

*A full discharge:* Reader, do not turn up your nose at this passage! It is much more decent than Pope's—Recollect what Swift says, that a nice man has filthy ideas, and let it be considered this discharge may have the same effect upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a person of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,  
As oil'd by magic juices for the course,  
Vig'rous he rises from the effluvia strong,  
Inbipes new life and scours and stinks along.

POPE'S *Dunciad*.<sup>31</sup>

*Archimedes, &c.:* As soon as the philosopher here mentioned discovered the modern *save-all*, and the *new-invented patent black-ball*, he threw down his pipe, and ran all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman *ευρηκα!* *ευρηκα!* which in modern English is, the job is done! the job is done!

VETUS SCHOL.

*Another Duck:* Hillario having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the world, compares him to Stephen Duck, and at the close of a late Inspector,<sup>32</sup> cries out, 'I have found another Duck,<sup>33</sup> but who shall find a Caroline?'

*Print my soft essays:* Our hero for once has spoke truth of himself, for which we could produce the testi-

monies of several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells have upon many occasions testified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of singular use with the waters of those places. To this effect also speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody on *Busy, curious, thirsty fly*,<sup>34</sup> &c.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,  
Write of me and write your fill.  
Freely welcome to abuse,  
Could'st thou tire thy railing Muse.  
Make the most of this you can,  
Strife is short and life's a span.

Both alike, your works and pay,  
Hasten quick to their decay.  
This a trifle, those no more,  
Tho' repeated to threescore.  
Threescore volumes when they're writ,  
Will appear at last b——t.

*And now thou goddess, &c.*: This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the Heavens, an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air.<sup>35</sup> Hence he calls upon the goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the councils of the gods. Virgil, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Bayes<sup>36</sup> has it, has offered up his prayer a second time to the Muse, and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out,

*Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*<sup>37</sup>

This is the case at present with the writer of the *HILLIAD*, and this piece of machinery will evince the

absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts that the gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are,

Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est  
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,  
Semota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longè.

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius to make use of this instance to the contrary in the next publication of that work.

M. MACULARIUS.

*Incumber'd space:* Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finally closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus<sup>38</sup> in his treatise on the Sublime. The passage is admirable, translated by the author<sup>39</sup> of the Pleasures of Imagination. 'The godlike geniuses of Greece were well-assured that nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory: she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Hence by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine,

the Danube, and much more than all the ocean.' Instead of acting upon this plan, Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Kensington-gardens,<sup>40</sup> and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an insolvent tenant.

*By adoption be the sire, &c.*: Our hero has taken an entire letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne,<sup>41</sup> and with inimitable effrontery published it in his INSPECTOR No. 239, as a production of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed with this affair, he declares with a great deal of art, that it was given him by another person, to which all we have to say is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief. M. MACULARIUS.

*Glorious to procure*: If our author could be thought capable of punning, I should imagine that the word procure, in this place, is made use of in preference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, viz. a pimp; but the reader will please to recollect that the term pimp is not in that passage used in its modern acceptation.

*Small was th' exertion, &c.*: Not so fast, good poet, cries out in this place, M. MACULARIUS. We do not find that HILLARIO, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo's quiver, and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by HORACE, that he really did receive the god of wit in this manner;

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses  
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci,  
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra  
Risit Apollo.<sup>42</sup>

*Venus next express'd:* Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in VIRGIL that she is all mildness, and at every word breathes ambrosia;

. . . At non Venus aurea contra,  
Pauca refert. . . .<sup>43</sup>

She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the *Æneid*, in favour of a much loved son, though indeed we cannot say that she has been quite so kind to Hillario, as formerly she was to *Æneas*, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan.

. . . . Lumenque juventæ  
Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflavit honores.<sup>44</sup>

On the contrary Venus here talks of his black self, which makes it suspected that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit: and perhaps it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith's forge. One thing is not a little surprising, that while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love by his experience as an apothecary, of which, he himself hath told us, several have profited; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now offspring of the amorous congress. It is moreover notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he

was ready to plunge in again, and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus, became a fortune-hunter with his pen; and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*.<sup>45</sup> But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and showed it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions. QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

*Diamond in an Æthiop's ear*: There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem.—The author of it is a Smart; I hope to see a SMARTEAD<sup>46</sup> published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul's Church-yard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will also pick a pocket. JOHN DENNIS, Junior.

*Inanity will ever be, &c.*: Our author does not here mean to list himself among the disputants concerning pure space, but the doctrine he would advance is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received, but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find it in Rumgurtius, vol. 16. pagina 1001. 'De hac re multum et turpiter hallucinantur scriptores tam exteri quam domestici. Spatium enim absolutum et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantia inanitatis, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est.' This

opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society of Bourdeaux. 'Selon la distinction entre les choses, qui n'ont pas de difference, il nous faut absolument agréer, que les idées, qui ont frappé l'imagination, peuvent bien être effacées, pourvu qu'on ne s'avise pas d'oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des étoiles.' Among our countrymen I do not know any body that has handled this subject so well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his *Essay upon Nothing*,<sup>47</sup> which the reader may find in the first volume of his *Miscellanies*; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critic's head, and we are apt to believe that there is something like nothing in most critic's heads to this day, and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its 'puris naturalibus', as Gravesend<sup>48</sup> describes it in his *experimental philosophy*, does subsist no where so properly at present as in the pericranium of our hero.

MART. MACULARIUS.

*Music flows:* 'Persons of most genius', says the Inspector, Friday Jan. 26, Number 587, 'have in general been the fondest of music; sir Isaac Newton was remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but was seldom seen at the end of it'. And indeed of this opinion is M. Macularius; and he further adds, that if sir Isaac was still living, it is probable he would be at the beginning of the Inspector's next song at Cuper's, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario

takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself, and though he so frequently exclaims, very fine!—O fine!—vastly fine!—Since the lucubration of Friday Jan. 26th. has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here that his Inspectorship has the most notable talent at a motto—Quinbus Flestrin saith, 'he is a tartar for that', and of this, learned reader, take a specimen along with you. How aptly upon the subject of music does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas. OVID.<sup>49</sup>

The above mentioned Quinbus Flestrin, peremptorily says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics, because, 'the grapes are sour', and indeed of that way of thinking is Macularius, who hath been greatly astonished at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from Valerius Flaccus. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from Welstead and Dennis,<sup>50</sup> are selected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper signs of what entertainment is to be furnished up to his customers.

*Penumbra of a thing:* Whatever mean opinion Dr. Phoebus may entertain of his terrestrial brother physician and poet, on Earth, Hillario is talked of in a different manner, as will appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. Dryden,<sup>51</sup> to Milton's 'Paradise Lost'.

Three wise great men in the same era born,  
Britannia's happy island did adorn,  
Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,  
Rock<sup>52</sup> shone in physic, and in both, John H—ll,

The force of Nature could no farther go,  
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

*Lull'd to sleep again:* The hypnotic or soporiferous quality of Hillario's pen is manifest from the following asseveration, which was published in the New Craftsman, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.—

‘SIR,

‘From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those my fellow-creatures, who may unhappily be afflicted, as I have been for some time past, I beg leave, through the channel of our paper, to communicate the disorder I have laboured under, and the extraordinary cure I have lately met with. I have had for many months successively a slow nervous fever, with a constant flutter on my spirits, attended with pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves, and other grievous symptoms, which reduced me to a mere shadow. At length, by the interposition of divine Providence, a friend who had himself experienced it, advised me to have recourse to the reading of the Inspectors. I accordingly took one of them, and the effect it had upon me was such that I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted near six and thirty hours. By this I have attained a more composed habit of body, and I now doze away almost all my time, but for fear of a lethargy, am ordered to take them in smaller quantities. A paragraph now at a time now answers my purpose, and under Heaven I owe my sleeping powers to the above-mentioned Inspectors. I look upon them to be a grand soporificum mirabile, very proper to be had in all families. He makes great allowance to those who buy them to sell again, or to send abroad to the plantations; and the above fact I am ready to attest whenever

called upon. Given under my hand this 4th. day of January. 1753.

'HUMPHREY ROBERTS, Weaver, in Crispin-street,  
Spital-fields, opposite the White Horse.'

*Forges Socrates:* Socrates was the father of the truest philosophy that ever appeared in the world, and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the gospel, he has at least given the shadow, which together with his exemplary life, induces Erasmus to cry out 'Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis'. Of Mr. Cibber<sup>53</sup> we shall say nothing, as he has said abundantly enough of himself; but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to observe, that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the Inspector did not hesitate to prefer him to the god-like ancient philosopher. O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.<sup>54</sup>

M. MACULARIUS.

*Consistencies to fight:* Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

*Religious at the last?* On every Saturday the florid Hilario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a lay preacher; but his flimsy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of Christianity against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer;<sup>55</sup> and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

On grace, free will, and myst'ries high,  
Two wits harangu'd the table;  
J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,  
Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,  
 Tom kiss thy empty brother;  
 Religion laughs at foes like thee,  
 But dreads a friend like t'other.

*A paltry play'r, &c.*: It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil<sup>56</sup> of literature, was to excel in Pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko<sup>57</sup>—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Constant in the Provok'd Wife—he was damned. He represented the Botanist in Romeo and Juliet, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. The Cibber—he was damned.<sup>58</sup>—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in Mayfair<sup>59</sup>—he was damned there too. Mr. Cross however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a 15th. part of his own benefit. See the Gentleman's Magazine for last December, and also Woodward's letter, *passim*.

*No mortal read*: Notwithstanding the assertion of Momus, our hero pro eâ quâ est verecundia, compareth himself to Addison and Steele, which occasioned the following epigram, by the right Hon. the earl addressed to the right honourable G—e D—n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,  
 To hear that flimsy author, the Inspector,  
 Of cant, of puff, that daily vain inditer,  
 Call Addison, or Steele, his brother writer?  
 So a pert H—ll (in *Æsop's* fabling days)  
 Swoln up with vanity, and self-giv'n praise,  
 To his huge neighbour mountain might have said,

'See, (brother) how We Mountains lift the head!

How great we show! how awful and how high,

Amidst theseaultry Mounts, that here around us lie.

And now, reader, please to observe, that since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his Inspectorship, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him.

M. MACULARIUS.

*The trumpet, &c.*: In a very pleasant account of the riots in Drury-lane play-house, by Henry Fielding, esq. we find the following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter.<sup>60</sup> 'They all ran away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breech, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick, to be examined, he said the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monsters by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman to employ a man's own subjects against him. That Rich<sup>61</sup> was lawful sovereign over all the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased.' Hillario has since trumpeted in the cause of pantomime, the gaudy scenery of which with great judgment he dismisses from the Opera-house, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, Macularius cannot help exclaiming, 'O Shakespear! O Jonson! rest, rest, perturbed spirits'.

*Handel, Arne and Boyce*:<sup>62</sup> The first of these gentlemen may be justly looked upon as the Milton of music, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

*Hogarth is the Garrick, &c.*: The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be guessed at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-street, in which Hillario's critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul's Church-yard. I shall only just observe that the same compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most exquisite humour.

*Conclusion*: And now, candid reader, Martinus Macularius hath attended thee throughout the first book of this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the press, *Memoirs of Martinus Macularius*, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the *Hilliad*, of which we will say, *speciosa miracula promet*. And so as Terence says, 'Vos valete & plaudite'.

## THE WHOLESALE CRITIC AND THE HOP MERCHANT

### FABLE I

Hail to each ancient sacred shade  
Of those, who gave the Muses aid,  
Skill's verse mysterious to unfold,  
And set each brilliant thought in gold.

Hail Aristotle's honour'd shrine, 5  
And, great Longinus, hail to thine;  
Ye too, whose judgments ne'er cou'd fail,  
Hail Horace, and Quintilian<sup>1</sup> hail;  
And, dread of every Goth and Hun,  
Hail Pope, and peerless Addison. 10

Alas! by different steps and ways  
Our modern critics aim at praise,  
And rashly in the learned arts,  
They judge by prejudice and parts;  
For cramp't by a contracted soul, 15  
How should they comprehend the whole?

I know of many a deep-learn'd brother,  
Who weighs one science by another,  
And makes 'mongst bards poetic schism,  
Because he understands the prism; 20  
Thinks in acuteness he surpasses,  
From knowledge of the optic glasses.  
There are some critics of the nation,  
Profoundly vers'd in gravitation;

Who like the bulky and the great, 25  
 And judge by quantity and weight.  
 Some who 're extremely skill'd in building,  
 Judge by proportion, form, and gilding,  
 And praise with a sagacious look  
 The architecture of a book. 30

Soon as the hops arriv'd from Kent,  
 Forth to the quay the merchant went,  
 Went critically to explore  
 The merit of the hops on shore.  
 Close to a bag he took his standing, 35  
 And at a venture thrust his hand in;  
 Then with the face of a physician,  
 Their colour scann'd and their condition;  
 He thrusts his touch, his smell, his eyes,  
 The goods at once approves and buys. 40

CATCHUP, so dexterous, droll, and dry,  
 It happen'd CATCHUP there was by.  
 Who like Iago,\* arch on all,  
 Is nothing, if not critical.  
 He with a sneer and with a shrug, 45  
 With eye of hawk, and face of pug,  
 Cry'd, 'Fellow, I admire thy fun,  
 Thou most judiciously hast done }  
 Who for one handful buy'st ten ton. }  
 Does it not enter in thy crown, 50  
 Some may be mouldy, some be brown;  
 The vacancies with leaves supplied,  
 And some half pick'd and some half dry'd?"

\*O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't,  
 For I am nothing, if not critical.

The merchant, who TOM CATCHUP knew,  
 (A merchant and a scholar too) 55  
 Said, 'What I've done is not absurd,  
 I know my chap and take his word.—  
 On thee, thou caviller at large,  
 I here retort thy random charge,  
 Who, in a hypercritic rage, 60  
 Judgest ten volumes by a page;  
 Whose wond'rous comprehensive view  
 Grasps more than Solomon e'er knew;  
 With everything you claim alliance,  
 Art, trade, profession, calling, science; 65  
 You mete out all things by one rule,  
 And are an universal fool.  
 Tho' swoln with vanity and pride,  
 You're but one driv'ller multiplied,  
 A prig—that proves himself by starts, 70  
 As many dolts—as there are arts.'

## THE DUELLIST

## FABLE VI

What's honour, did your Lordship say?  
 My Lord, I humbly crave a day.—  
 'Tis difficult, and in my mind,  
 Like substance, cannot be defin'd.  
 It deals in numerous externals,  
 And is a legion of infernals; 5  
 Sometimes in riot and in play,  
 'Tis breaking of the Sabbath day:

When 'tis consider'd as a passion,  
I deem it lust and fornication. 10

We pay our debts in honour's cause,  
Lost in the breaking of the laws:  
'Tis for some selfish impious end,  
To murder the sincerest friend;  
But wou'd you alter all the clan, 15  
Turn out an honourable man,  
Why take a pistol from the shelf,  
And fight a duel with yourself.

'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,  
In *Ely*, or in *Lincoln* fen, 20  
A Frog and Mouse had long disputes,  
Held in the language of the brutes,  
Who of a certain pool and pasture,  
Should be the sovereign and master.

'Sir', says the frog, and d——n'd his blood, 25  
'I hold that my pretension's good;  
Nor can a *Brute* of *reason* doubt it,  
For all that you can squeak about it.'  
The Mouse, averse to be o'erpower'd,  
Gave him the lie, and called him coward; 30  
Too hard for any frog's digestion,  
To have his *froghood* call'd in question!  
A bargain instantly was made,  
No mouse of honour could evade,  
On the next morn, as soon as light, 35  
With desperate bullrushes to fight;  
The morning came—and man to man,  
The great *monomachy* began;  
Need I recount how each bravado,  
Shone in *montant* and in *passado*?<sup>1</sup> 40

To what a height their ire they carry'd,  
How oft they thrusted and they parry'd;  
But as these champions kept dispensing,  
Finesse in the art of fencing,

A furious vulture took upon her

45

Quick to decide this point of honour,  
And, lawyer like, to make an end on 't,  
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.

Thus, often in our British nation,

(I speak by way of application)

50

A lie direct to some hot youth,

The giving which perhaps was truth,

The treading on a scoundrel's toe,

Or dealing impudence a blow,

Disputes in politics and law,

55

About a feather and a straw;

A thousand trifles not worth naming,

In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,

Shall cause a challenge's inditing,

And set two loggerheads at fighting.

60

Meanwhile the father of despair,

The prince of Vanity and air,

His querry, like an hawk discovering,

O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,

Secure to get in his tuition,

65

These volunteers for black perdition.

## CHARLES CHURCHILL

Charles Churchill, son of the Rev. Charles Churchill, was born in 1731. At Westminster, where Cowper and Lloyd were among his schoolfellows, he showed already a turn for verse. But he was bred for the church—a career for which his bold and impetuous nature soon proved him unsuitable. At the age of eighteen he contracted a Fleet marriage with a girl named Scot; and his projected studies at Oxford, and at Cambridge, were never carried out—chiefly, no doubt, because of this impediment. After studying theology at Sunderland, he became curate at Rainham (Essex), where his father was before him. He now had two children, and forty pounds a year. When his father died he succeeded him as curate at St. John's, Smith Square; but the stipend proving inadequate, he went also as English teacher to Mrs. Dennis's boarding school for young ladies at Queen's Square. But even so he fell into debt, and was harassed by the duns until Dr. Lloyd, father of his friend Robert Lloyd, rescued him with a loan and an arrangement with his creditors. Before 1761 he produced two unsuccessful poems, *The Bard* and *The Conclave*; but in 1761 his *Rosciad*, following on and eclipsing Lloyd's *Actor*, took the town by storm. *The Apology* and *Night* (the latter a reply to fancied insults in Armstrong's *A Day*\*) appeared in the same year; and it was then that he became friendly with Wilkes, and visited the obscene mysteries at Medmenham. He joined forces with Wilkes in *The North Briton*, and, according to the story, just succeeded in escaping to the country when the warrants for the arrest of Wilkes and others concerned were issued;

\* Cf. also his *Farewell*, where he returns to the charge:

Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*  
Where all his former fame was thrown away.

it seems that Wilkes 'tipped him the wink'. In 1762 he came into collision with Hogarth, who had caricatured Wilkes; and wrote against him his *Epistle*. Hogarth replied with his 'Bruiser' caricature, where Wilkes is portrayed as a Russian bear. It was about the same time that he turned on Johnson in *The Ghost*, a rambling *farrago* written round the famous Cock Lane hoax. During these two years he had been discovering his *métier* of rake and satirist; and in January 1763 he threw up his curacy. It was about this time that he seduced a stone-cutter's daughter (a Miss Carr) and composed the *Conference*, which appeared in the November of 1763. While in Wales with Miss Carr he discovered material for his *Gotham*, Part I of which was published in 1764 soon after *The Duellist*\* and *The Author* (December 1763). *The Candidate* (1764) was an exposure of Lord Sandwich, the Hellfire Club rake, whose profligacy, as Churchill tells us, excelled even that of Lord March, and who was then standing for the post of High Steward of Cambridge; and one of his other good deeds for the year was to alleviate the sufferings of Lloyd, whom he found, on his return from Wales, to be incarcerated in the Fleet. Other satires followed—*The Times*, *The Farewell* and *Independence* (September 1764). Chalmers detects signs of a decadence in the two latter; and it is true that neither possess the balance and concentration of *Night*. But *Gotham* and *The Ghost* partake of these faults, for which his dislike of revision will largely account. There is still abundant evidence of vigour and Juvenalian ire in *Independence*, which Cowper rightly admired for its animation. The blows aimed at Melcombe or Mason are as hearty as ever, though perhaps less skilfully laid on; and there is no reason to imagine that, had he lived longer, he would have whipped less soundly. But the end was near. On October 20, 1764, he set out for Boulogne to see Wilkes, accompanied by Gay and Cotes. There he was attacked by a 'military fever', of which he died on November 4.

\* Inspired by the duel between Wilkes and Samuel Martin in Hyde Park, after Martin alleged that he had been 'stabbed in the dark' by the *North Briton*.

According to Walpole, who got it from Warburton, it was at Calais that he died, and of 'a drunken debauch'; but Warburton, after the things that were said about him in Churchill's unfinished *Dedication* to his sermons, was unlikely to be charitable. Lloyd, on the other hand, was heart-broken: 'I shall follow poor Charles', he said; and died on the 15th December of that year, his betrothed, Churchill's sister, very soon making a third in the tragedy.

As a Juvenalian poet, with a magnificent breadth and depth of invective, that is comparable in degree, if not indeed in quality, with Dryden's; and a magnanimity in personal attack which, while it does not weaken his power, places him favourably in relation to Pope, he deserves a position, yet to be fully recognised, in the front rank of eighteenth-century satirists. He wrote rapidly—too rapidly, as much of his work bears witness; and Isaac Disraeli\* relates that Churchill told his publisher how correcting a manuscript was 'like cutting away one's own flesh'. But Dr. Johnson's prejudiced verdict of 'a blockhead' is manifestly absurd; Cowper, whose sanity as a critic is one of the prime pleasures of his correspondence, outran in advance our laggard moves toward Churchill's reinstatement.†

\* *Curiosities of Literature*.

† See undated letter (1786?) to William Unwin: 'Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved the name of poet: I have read . . . some of his pieces three times over, and the last time with more pleasure than the first'.

## NIGHT

### AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD<sup>1</sup>

WHEN foes insult, and *prudent* friends dispense,  
In Pity's strains, the worst of insolence,  
Oft with thee LLOYD, I steal an hour from grief,  
And in thy social converse find relief.  
The mind, of solitude, impatient grown, 5  
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

LET slaves to business, bodies without soul,  
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,  
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,  
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care. 10

ROGUES justified, and by success made bold,  
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by Gold,  
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,  
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;  
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not show the head 15  
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed,  
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light,  
The sons of CARE are always sons of NIGHT.

THE Wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,  
Whose only merit is to err by rule, 20  
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,  
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,  
Whose Soul directed to no use is seen,  
Unless to move the body's dull Machine;  
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace, 25

Still travels on through life's insipid space;  
 Turns up his eyes to think that there should be  
 Among God's creatures two<sup>2</sup> such things as *we*:  
 Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs  
 Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*. 30

*Good hours*—Fine words!—But was it ever seen  
 That all men could agree in what they mean?  
 FLORIO, who many years a course hath run  
 In downright opposition to the sun,  
 Expatiates on *good hours*, their cause defends 35  
 With as much vigour as our PRUDENT FRIENDS,  
 Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,  
 But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.  
 Each takes the phrase in his own private view,  
 With PRUDENCE it is ten, with FLORIO two. 40

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,  
 Without distinguishing distinctions make,  
 Shine forth in native folly, native pride,  
 Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;  
 Reason, collected in herself, disdains 45  
 The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;  
 Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,  
 Nor to bare *words* inglorious tribute pays.  
 Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,  
 And Reason to herself alone is law. 50  
 That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,  
 Which she as freely grants to all mankind.  
 No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,  
 No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;  
 All are alike, if they're alike employ'd 55  
 And all are good, if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

LET the sage DOCTOR<sup>3</sup> (think him one we know)  
 With scraps of antient learning overflow,  
 In all the dignity of *wig* declare  
 The fatal consequence of midnight air, 60  
 How damps and vapours as it were by stealth,  
 Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.  
 For me let GALEN<sup>4</sup> moulder on the shelf,  
 I'll live, and be physician to myself.  
 While soul is join'd to body, whether fate 65  
 Allot a longer or a shorter date;  
 I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,  
 And keep them in good humour with each other.

THE surest road to health, say what they will,  
 Is never to suppose we shall be ill. 70  
 Most of those evils we poor mortals know,  
 From doctors and imagination flow.  
 Hence to old women with your boasted rules,  
 Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;  
 As well may sons of physic hope to find 75  
 One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

IF RUPERT after ten is out of bed,  
 The fool next morning can't hold up his head.  
 What reason this which *me* to bed must call,  
 Whose head (thank Heaven) never aches at all? 80  
 In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run,  
 He hates the Moon, I sicken at the Sun.  
 Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,  
*Mine* better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown 85  
 The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,  
 The strange reserve, the proud affected state

Of upstart knaves grown rich and fools grown great.  
 No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,  
 Who meanly overlooks a friend distrest. 90  
 Purblind to poverty the Worldling goes,  
 And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;  
 But from a crowd can single out his grace  
 And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

WHETHER those classic regions are survey'd 95  
 Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,  
 Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,  
 Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,  
 When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,  
 And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise, 100  
 Who once for *Rev'rend* merit<sup>5</sup> famous grown,  
 Gratefully strove to kick his MAKER down;  
 Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,  
 The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or stage;  
 If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,<sup>6</sup> 105  
 And lawyers, who were never bred at all,  
 Those mighty-letter'd monsters of the earth,  
 Our pity move, or exercise our mirth,  
 Or if in tittle-tattle tooth-pick way,  
 Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray; 110  
 A gainer still thy friend himself must find,  
 His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

WHILST peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,  
 Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;  
 Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns, 115  
 And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns;  
 Impatient of restraint, the active mind,  
 No more by servile prejudice confin'd,

Leaps from her seat, as wak'ned from a trance,  
And darts through Nature at a single glance.

120

Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,  
And see by NIGHT what fools we are by DAY.

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise  
See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies!

125

Reflexion with relentless hand pulls down  
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.

In vain he tells of battles bravely won,  
Of nations conquer'd, and of Worlds undone:

Triumphs like these but ill with Manhood suit,  
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.

130

But if, in searching round the world, we find  
Some gen'rous youth, the Friend of all mankind,

Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped  
In terrors only at the guilty head,

Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew, refreshing fall  
In gen'ral love and charity to all,

135

Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,  
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

THROUGH a false medium things are shown by day,  
Pomp, wealth, and titles judgment lead astray.

140

How many from appearance borrow state,  
Whom NIGHT disdains to number with the Great!

Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud  
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?

Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,  
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,

145

Whilst, JEHU like, he drives at furious rate,  
And seems the only charioteer of state,

Talking himself into a little God,

And ruling empires with a single nod; 150  
 Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,  
 That he had Int'rest, and that they had sense?  
 Injurious thought! beneath NIGHT's honest shade,  
 When pomp is buried and false colours fade,  
 Plainly we see at that impartial hour 155  
*Them* dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate  
 To court the seeming, or the real great.  
 Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more  
 Than any slave who labours at the oar. 160  
 By slavish methods must he learn to please,  
 By smooth tongu'd Flatt'ry, that curst *court-disease*,  
 Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike sail,  
 And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale,  
 To Nature dead he must adopt vile art, 165  
 And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.  
 A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,  
 And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.  
 When he hath tamely borne for many years  
 Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,  
 When he at last expects, good easy man, 171  
 To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,  
 Some cringing LACQUEY, or rapacious WHORE,  
 To favours of the great the surest door,  
 Some CATAMITE, or PIMP, in credit grown, 175  
 Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,  
 Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,  
 And for some MINION's MINION claims the prize.  
 Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,  
 Too resolute, from Nature's active heat, 180

To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;  
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,  
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great;  
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:  
 Far from the place where men with pride deceive, 185  
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe,  
 Far from the walk of folly, vice and strife,  
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,  
 Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile  
 To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile. 190  
 Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,  
 And look on riches with untainted eye.  
 To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,  
 Content shall place *us* far above them all.

SPECTATORS only on this bustling stage, 195  
 We see what vain designs mankind engage.  
 Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,  
 And one old folly brings forth twenty new.  
 Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,  
 Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife; 200  
 Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,  
 For some vile spot, which fifty cannot feed.<sup>7</sup>  
 Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,  
 For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;  
 What odds?—*to us* 'tis all the self-same thing, 205  
 A NUT, a WORLD, a SQUIRREL, and a KING,

BRITONS, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,  
 Are cast by Nature in a PATRIOT mould;  
 No private joy, no private grief they know,  
 Their soul's engross'd by public weal or woe. 210  
 Inglorious ease like ours, they greatly scorn:

Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.  
 Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,  
 Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.  
 All would be deem'd e'en from the cradle fit      215  
 To rule in politics as well as wit.  
 The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,  
 Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,  
 The court-bred lord his promises and debts,      220  
 Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,  
 The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;  
 Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,  
 And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

FEMALES themselves the glorious ardour feel,      225  
 And boast an equal, or a greater zeal.  
 From nymph to nymph the state infection flies,  
 Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.  
 O'erwhelm'd by politics lye malice, pride,  
 Envy and twenty other faults beside,      230  
 No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess  
 A passion for applause, or rage for dress;  
 No more they pant for PUBLIC RAREE-SHOWS,  
 Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.  
 Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,      235  
 And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.  
 The darling theme CÆCILIA's self will choose,  
 Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.

The Crr, a COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN by place,  
 Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,      240  
 By situation as by nature great,

With nice precision parcels out the state,  
 Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,  
 Objects himself, and to himself replies,  
 Wielding aloft the politician rod, 245  
 Makes PITT by turns a devil and a god,  
 Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r  
 The same thing right and wrong in half an hour,  
 Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,  
 And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.<sup>8</sup> 250  
 Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,  
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread,  
 His useless scales are in a corner flung,  
 And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

PEACE to such triflers; be our happier plan 255  
 To pass through life as easy as we can.  
 Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,  
 Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.  
 Secrets of state no more I wish to know  
 Than secret movements of a PUPPET-SHOW; 260  
 Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,  
 Unseen the hand which *guides* the MASTER-WIRE.

WHAT is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,  
 Thanks to our fortune *we* pay none at all.  
 Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal, 265  
 Lament those hardships which *we* cannot feel.  
 His grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,  
 But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?  
 By custom safe the poet's numbers flow,  
 Free as the light and air some years ago.<sup>9</sup> 270  
 No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains  
 To tax our labours, and excise our brains.

Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear,  
No tribute's laid on *Castles in the Air*.

LET then the flames of war destructive reign, 275  
And ENGLAND's terrors awe *imperious SPAIN*;  
Let ev'ry *venal clan*<sup>10</sup> and *neutral tribe*  
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;  
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,  
And tax on tax with doubled burthen rise, 280  
Exempt *we* sit, by no rude cares opprest,  
And, having little, are with little blest.  
All real ills in dark oblivion lye,  
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.  
NIGHT's laughing hours unheeded slip away, 285  
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach<sup>11</sup> of DAY.

THUS have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford  
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,  
Whilst MIRTH, with DECENCY his lovely bride,  
And Wine's gay GOD, with TEMP'RANCE by his side,  
Their welcome visit pay; whilst HEALTH attends 291  
The narrow circle of our chosen Friends,  
Whilst frank GOOD-HUMOUR consecrates the treat,  
And woman makes society complete,  
Thus WILL we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd 295  
Those *Hackney Strumpets*, PRUDENCE and the WORLD.

PRUDENCE, of old a sacred term, imply'd  
Virtue with godlike wisdom for her guide,  
But now in general use is known to mean  
The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen. 300  
The sense perverted we retain the name,  
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.

A TUTOR once, more read in men than books,  
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,  
Demurely sly, with high preferment blest,  
His fav'rite Pupil in these words address'd: 305

'Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,  
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd?

Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;  
PRUDENCE, almighty PRUDENCE, gives thee all. 310

Keep up appearances; there lies the test,  
The world will give thee credit for the rest.

Outward be fair, however foul within;  
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.

This maxim's into common favour grown, 315  
Vice is no longer vice unless 'tis known.

Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;  
But vice is virtue, when 'tis well conceal'd.

Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,  
Let PRUDENCE lead thee to a *postern* door: 220

Stay out all night, but take especial care  
That PRUDENCE bring thee back to early prayer.

As one with watching and with study faint,  
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.'

With joy the youth this useful lesson heard. 225

And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,  
Successfully pursued the plan, and *now*,

'Room for my Lord,—VIRTUE, stand by and bow.'  
And is this all—is this the worldlings art

To mask, but not amend a vicious heart? 330  
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave

Shall I never in caution and delinquency grave,  
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?

Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,  
 Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,  
 Whilst VIRTUE seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize, 335  
 Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;  
 Because she frankly pours forth all her store,  
*Seems* what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more?  
 Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold  
 Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold, 340  
*Me* neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,  
 To flatter others, or deny myself;  
 Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,  
 I would not be *that* THING, *that* PRUDENT MAN.

WHAT, cries sir PLIANT, would you then oppose 345  
 Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?  
 Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,  
 Above all sense of interest prevail.  
 Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,  
 Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit: 350  
 Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight,  
*You* must be wrong, the WORLD is in the right.

WHAT is this WORLD? A term which men have got  
 To signify, not one in ten knows what;  
 A term, which with no more precision passes 355  
 To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;  
 In common use no more it means, we find,  
 Than many fools in same opinions join'd.

CAN numbers then change Nature's stated laws?  
 Can numbers make the worse the better cause? 360  
 Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,  
 Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.

Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage  
Because vast nations on his part engage?  
Tho' to support the rebel CÆSAR's cause      365  
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,  
Tho' Scandal would our PATRIOT's name impeach,  
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,  
What honest man but would with joy submit  
To bleed with CATO, and retire with PITT?<sup>12</sup>      370

STEDFAST and true to virtue's sacred laws,  
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,  
Let the WORLD talk, my friend; that WORLD we know  
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.  
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,  
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man. 375  
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;  
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.  
In spite of Dullness, and in spite of Wit,  
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,  
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride 380  
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

FINIS

## THE DEDICATION

*Health to great GLOSTER<sup>1</sup>—from a man unknown,  
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,  
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear  
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here  
To wound with flatt’ry—’tis a Villain’s art,*

And suits not with the frankness of my heart.  
 Truth best becomes an *Orthodox* Divine,  
 And, spite of hell, that Character is mine:  
 To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;  
 But truth, *my Lord*, is Panegyric here.

10

*Health* to great GLOSTER—nor, thro' love of ease,  
 Which all Priests love, let this address displease.

I ask no favour, not one note I crave,  
 And when this busy brain rests in the grave,  
 (For till that time it never can have rest) 15

I will not trouble you with one bequest;  
 Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,  
 More near in blood, a Nephew or a Son,  
 In that dread hour Executor I'll leave;

For I, alas! have many to receive, 20  
 To give but little—To great GLOSTER *Health*;

Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth  
 Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,  
 In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure  
 The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free, 25

I, though a Dedicator, scorn a fee.

Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;  
 I would not ALLEN rob, nor ALLEN's heir.

Think not, a Thought unworthy thy great soul,  
 Which pomps of this world never could controul, 30  
 Which never offer'd up at Pow'r's vain shrine,  
 Think not that Pomp and Pow'r can work on mine.  
 'Tis not thy Name, though that indeed is great,  
 'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,  
 'Tis not thy Title, Doctor tho' thou art, 35  
 'Tis not thy Mitre, which hath won my heart.

State is a farce, Names are but empty Things,  
 Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,  
 Titles are oft misplac'd; Mitres, which shine  
 So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine, 40  
 Unless set off by Virtue: who deceives  
 Under the sacred sanction of *Lawn-sleeves*,  
 Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;  
 So fair without, and yet so foul within.  
 'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien, 45  
 Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,  
 Thy open front, thy Love-commanding eye,  
 Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,  
 Which can from sixty to sixteen impart  
 The force of Love, and point his blunted dart; 50  
 'Tis not thy Face, tho' that by Nature's made  
 An index to thy soul, tho' there display'd  
 We see thy mind at large, and thro' thy skin  
 Peeps out that Courtesy which dwells within;  
 'Tis not thy Birth—for that is low as mine, 55  
 Around our heads no lineal glories shine—  
 But what is birth, when, to delight mankind,  
 Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;  
 When Thou art to Thyself, thy Sire unknown,  
 A Whole, Welch Genealogy *Alone?* 60  
 No, 'tis thy inward Man, thy proper Worth,  
 Thy right just Estimation here on earth,  
 Thy Life and Doctrine uniformly join'd,  
 And flowing from that wholesome source thy mind,  
 Thy known contempt of Persecution's rod, 65  
 Thy Charity for Man, thy Love of God,  
 Thy Faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,  
 Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen:

Thy Virtue, not thy Rank, demands my lays;  
 'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint I praise. 70  
 Rais'd by that Theme, I soar on wings more strong,  
 And burst forth into praise with-held too long.

Much did I wish, e'en while I kept those sheep,  
 Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;  
 Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice, 75  
 Those sheep<sup>2</sup> which never heard their shepherd's voice,  
 Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,  
 Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should  
 stray.<sup>3</sup>

Those sheep which my good Father (on his bier  
 Let filial duty drop the pious tear) 80  
 Kept well, yet starv'd himself; e'en at that time,  
 Whilst I was pure, and innocent of rime,  
 Whilst, sacred Dullness ever in my view,  
 Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,  
 Much did I wish, though little could I hope, 85  
 A friend in him who was the friend of POPE.

'His hand', said I, 'my youthful steps shall guide,  
 And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;  
 His temper, his experience shall controul,  
 And hush to peace the tempest of my soul; 90  
 His judgment teach me, from the Critic school,  
 How not to err, and how to err by rule;  
 Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,  
 Where POPE was wrong, where SHAKESPEARE was not  
 right;  
 Where they are justly prais'd, and where thro' whim, 95  
 How little's due to them, how much to him.

Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,  
 Of Common-Sense, of modern, antient schools,  
 Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,  
 Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,      100  
 He, by his great example, might impart  
 A better something, and baptize it Art;  
 He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,  
 Might show me what is Taste, and what is not;  
 By him supported, with a proper pride,      105  
 I might hold all mankind as fools beside;  
 He (should a World, perverse and peevish grown,  
 Explode his maxims, and assert their own,)  
 Might teach me, like himself, to be content,  
 And let their folly be their punishment;      110  
 Might like himself teach his adopted son,  
 'Gainst all the world, to quote a WARBURTON.'

Fool that I was, could I so much deceive  
 My soul with lying hopes; could I believe  
 That He, the servant of his Maker sworn,      115  
 The servant of his Saviour, could be torn  
 From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,  
 The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,  
 For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,  
 On which so much depended, for a rime?      120  
 Should He forsake the task he undertook,  
 Desert his flock, and break his past'ral crook?  
 Should He (forbid it Heaven) so high in place,  
 So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,  
 And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muses' hill,      125  
 Let the salvation of mankind stand still?  
 Far, far be that from Thee—yes, far from Thee

Be such revolt from Grace, and far from me  
 The Will to think it—Guilt is in the Thought—  
 Not so, Not so, hath WARBURTON been taught, 130.  
 Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day,<sup>4</sup> well-known,  
 When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)  
 He call'd Blasphemers forth—Methinks I now  
 See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,  
 And arm'd with tenfold horrors—from this tongue, 135  
 Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,  
 Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,  
 And chill with horrour ev'ry sinner's soul—  
 In vain They strive to fly—flight cannot save,  
 And POTTER<sup>5</sup> trembles even in his grave— 140  
 With all the conscious pride of innocence,  
 Methinks I hear him in his own defence,  
 Bear witness to himself, whilst all Men knew  
 By Gospel-rules, his witness to be true.

O Glorious Man, thy zeal I must commend, 145  
 Though it depriv'd me of my dearest friend.  
 The real motives of thy anger known,  
 WILKES must the justice of that anger own;  
 And could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,  
 Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you. 150

Bred to the law, thou wisely took the gown,  
 Which I, like *Demas*,<sup>6</sup> foolishly laid down.  
 Hence double strength our *Holy Mother* drew:  
 Me she got rid of, made a prize of you.  
 I, like an idle Truant, fond of play, 155  
 Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,  
 Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;

But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd Attorneyship,  
With better purpose, and more noble aim,  
And wisely play'd a more substantial game. 160  
Nor did *Law* mourn, bless'd in her younger son,  
For **MANSFIELD**<sup>7</sup> does what **GLOSTER** would have done.

Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Gloster, and my lord,  
If haply these high titles may accord  
With thy meek spirit, if the barren sound  
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round  
Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not One,  
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,  
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,  
And, without envy, sees Thee plac'd so high;  
Let not thy Brains (as Brains less potent might)  
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,  
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill  
And wonted pow'rs of knowing good from ill,  
Of sifting Truth from falsehood, friends from foes; 175  
Let GLOSTER well remember, how he rose,  
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;  
Let Him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with state,  
Forget<sup>8</sup> what once he was, tho' now so high;  
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I. 180

## ROBERT LLOYD

Robert Lloyd was born at Westminster in 1733; his father, who befriended Churchill, being usher at the school. Young Lloyd, after becoming captain of Westminster, won a scholarship to Trinity, Cambridge (1751), where, after a life not uncoloured with dissipation, he took his B.A. degree in 1755. As early as 1751 he was attempting verse on an ambitious scale, viz. *The Progress of Envy*, in the fashionable 'revived' Spenserian stanza, in which he satirised Lauder,\* the criticaster of Milton. In 1754 *The Connoisseur*, a critical journal, was established by Colman and Bonnell Thornton; to this Lloyd, and also Cowper, were occasional contributors. Lloyd left Cambridge for the uncongenial circumstances of a Westminster usher; but Churchill's friendship soon cast a more pleasant if less sober influence over his life and he relinquished his career as schoolmaster for the more precarious one of letters. When exactly he took this step is not known; but as early as 1757 his second Epistle to J. B., Esq., suggests at least that he was thinking seriously over the hardships of a poet's life, and his aspirations to literary fame. It was not, however, until 1760 that *The Actor* made something of a name for him, and resulted in notoriety for Churchill when he went one better with *The Rosciad*. His activities during 1760-61 make it pretty clear that he was then seeking a living by the pen. He became, in conjunction with Churchill, poetical editor of Kippis's short-lived periodical, *The Library*, and made small profits from two short operatic pieces, *The Tears and Triumphs of Parnassus* and *Arcadia, or The Shepherd's Wedding*. In 1762 he took up the editorship of the *St. James' Magazine*, which began, like most literary periodicals, with lofty ideals and a

\* See p. 201, note 23.

flourish, but did not so continue. Bonnell Thornton, Cowper, Colman, and Dennis provided contributions. But Lloyd failed; and abandoned the editorship—a gesture of defeat—to Kenrick\* in 1762. He had also collected and published his poems by subscription, but this did not keep him from the Fleet, where he was permitted to lie by Bonnell Thornton and his friends, excepting of course the generous Churchill. It was probably during this imprisonment that he busied himself with translating Klopstock's *Death of Adam* (published 1763); Marmontel's *Moral Tales* (published 1764); and with *The New River Head* and the play *The Capricious Lovers*, acted at Drury Lane shortly before his death in 1764. Chalmers tells us that in this plight, 'deserted by his associates, Lloyd became careless of his health, and fled for temporary relief to the exhilarating glass'. Friendship was evidently a serious thing to him, though it seems, from an anecdote about him and Goldsmith, that sometimes he would combine it with the exhilarating glass. At any rate, when he first made friends with Goldsmith, he is said to have passed on to him the responsibility of settling a wine bill. But it was certainly the loss of Churchill that hastened his end; and he died the next month after him, on December 15, 1764.

Amongst other minor work he wrote prologues for Colman and Garrick and, as a member of the 'Nonsense Club', collaborated with Colman in parodies of Mason and Gray, of which Johnson took some notice. Cowper admired him, and, writing to Joseph Hill (July 3, 1765), mentioned with regret his untimely demise.

Lloyd was of an amiable but weak character, and might have been led astray by Thornton and Churchill; but he had evidently a poor business head, and no great skill at the art of life; and without Churchill's assistance he would surely have suffered more deeply than he did. In poetry he must be classed as a gifted member of the school of Prior; he knew very well that the summit of Parnassus was not for him.

\* See p. 198.

## THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,  
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* HOR.<sup>1</sup>

The wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,  
Now wishes for the rural shade,  
And buckles to his one horse chair  
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;  
While wedg'd in closely by his side, 5  
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,  
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,  
And out they jog in due decorum.  
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
How all the country seems to smile! 10

And as they slowly jog together,  
The Cit commends the road and weather;  
While Madam doats upon the trees,  
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,  
Admires its views, its situation, 15  
And thus she opens her oration.

'What signify the loads of wealth,  
Without that richest jewel, health?  
Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
Who doats upon your precious life!  
Such easeless toil, such constant care, 20  
Is more than human strength can bear.  
One may observe it in your face—  
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:

And nothing can your health repair,  
But exercise, and country air. 25  
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,  
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*:  
 He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,  
But not so *warm*, my dear, as you:  
 30  
 And folks are always apt to sneer—  
 One would not be out-done, my dear!'

Sir Traffic's name, so well apply'd,  
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;  
 And Thrifty, who had all his life 35  
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,  
 And by th' approaching summer season,  
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
 And purchases his Country Box. 40

Some three or four miles out of town,  
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)  
 He fixes on his choice abode,  
 Not half a furlong from the road:  
 And so convenient does it lay,  
 45  
 The stages pass it ev'ry day:  
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
 To have a house so near the city!  
 Take but your places at the Boar  
 You're set down at the very door. 50

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,  
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,

With all the fuss of moving over;  
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!  
 And wanton in my lady's head. 55

'Well to be sure, it must be own'd,  
 It is a charming spot of ground;  
 So sweet a distance for a ride,  
 And all about so *countrified!* 60

'T would come but to a trifling price  
 To make it quite a paradise;  
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,  
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales:  
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these, 65

We build a railing, all Chinese.  
 Although one hates to be expos'd,  
 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;  
 One hardly any object sees—  
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees. 70

Objects continual passing by  
 Were something to amuse the eye,  
 But to be pent within the walls—  
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.  
 Our house, beholders would adore, 75

Was there a level lawn before,  
Nothing its views to incommodoe,  
 But quite laid open to the road;  
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,  
 Should on our little mansion gaze, 80

And pointing to the choice retreat,  
 Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.'

No doubt her arguments prevail,  
 For madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure 85  
 The title of a Connoisseur;  
 When noble and ignoble herd  
 Are govern'd by a single word;  
 Though, like the royal German dames,  
 It bears an hundred Christian names, 90  
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,  
 Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù,  
 White appellations all describe  
 TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners, 95  
 With Chinese artists, and designers,  
 Produce their schemes of alteration,  
 To work this wond'rous reformation.  
 The useful dome, which secret stood,  
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood, 100  
 The trav'ler with amazement sees  
 A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,<sup>2</sup>  
 With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,  
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;  
 A wooden arch is bent astride 105  
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,  
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,  
 From Halfpenny's<sup>3</sup> exact designs.  
 In front, a level lawn is seen,  
 Without a shrub upon the green, 110  
 Where Taste would want its first great law,  
 But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,  
 By whose miraculous assistance,  
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.  
 And now from Hyde-Park Corner come 115

The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.  
Here squabby Cupids take their places,  
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:  
Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;  
And there without the pow'r to fly,  
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

120

The villa thus completely grac'd,  
All own that Thrifty has a taste;<sup>4</sup>  
And madam's female friends, and cousins,  
With common-council-men, by dozens,  
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,  
To stare about them, and to eat.

125

TO \*\*\*\* ABOUT TO PUBLISH  
A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES  
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1753

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,  
Your works are rising into day,  
Forgive, though I presume to send  
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,  
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose; 5  
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,  
Want nought but measure to be verse.  
Write from your own imagination,  
Nor curb your Muse by Imitation:  
For copies show, howe'er exprest, 10  
A barren genius at the best.

But Imitation's all the mode—  
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees 15  
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:  
Assumes his style, affects a story,  
Sets every circumstance before ye,  
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,  
And mars a curious tale in telling: 20

Observes how *easy* Prior flows,  
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

O Swift! how would'st thou blush to see,  
Such are the bards that copy Thee?

This Milton for his plan will choose:  
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?  
Milton, like thunder rolls along  
In all the majesty of song:  
While his low mimics meanly creep,  
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;  
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,  
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.  
The stiff expression phrases strange,  
The epithet's preposterous change,  
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,  
Such as the judging ear affright,  
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!  
Is 't thus ye copy Milton's style?  
His faults religiously you trace,  
And borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed?)  
 Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!  
 But all their labours are in vain:  
 And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.  
 Take it for granted, 'tis by those  
 Milton's the model mostly chose,  
 Who can't write verse, and won't write prose. } 55

Others, who aim at fancy, choose  
 To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.  
 This poet fixes for his theme  
 An allegory, or a dream; 60  
 Fiction and truth together joins  
 Through a long waste of flimsy lines:  
 Fondly believes his fancy glows,  
 As image upon image grows; 65  
 Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,  
 Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,  
 Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights,  
 'Till allegory, Spenser's veil  
 T' instruct and please in moral tale,  
 With him 's no veil the truth to shroud,  
 But one impenetrable cloud. } 70

Others, more daring, fix their hope  
 On rivalling the fame of Pope.  
 Satyr's the word, against the times—  
 These catch the cadence of his rhymes,  
 And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings, } 75  
 Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings  
 Her dirt up in the face of kings.  
 In these the spleen of Pope we find; } 80

But where the greatness of his mind?  
 His numbers are their whole pretence,  
 Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,  
 Whom with her kindest eye she views;  
 Round whom Apollo's brightest rays  
 Shine forth with undiminished blaze;  
 Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod  
 In Imitation's dang'rous road.

Long as tobacco's mild perfume  
 Shall scent each happy curate's room,  
 Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,  
 And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,  
 So long, O\* Brown, shall last thy praise,  
 Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;  
 And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,  
 Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

85

90

95

\* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq., author of a piece called the *Pipe of Tobacco*, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

## CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY

Christopher Anstey, son of the Rev. C. Anstey, D.D., was born at Brinkley, Cambs., on October 31, 1724. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where his gift for verse brought him some distinction; and his first essays in satire, directed against the University authorities, lost him his M.A. degree, though he held a fellowship until 1754. Two years later he married Miss Ann Calvert, with whom he lived happily for some fifty years, the resultant children amounting to thirteen. Soame Jenyns and Gray were numbered amongst his friends; and in conjunction with Dr. Roberts of King's he rendered Gray's *Elegy* into Latin. A bilious fever, occasioned by the death of his sister, drove him to Bath, where he eventually settled; the *New Bath Guide* had, of course, already been written and published at Cambridge. He remained at a house in the Crescent at Bath, until 1805, though during this period he paid several visits to the then entirely rural village of Cheltenham. Becoming ill in 1805, he left Bath for Chippenham, where he died in the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet.

The *New Bath Guide* was his first poetical publication, though not his first poetic effort. His son, John Anstey, in the Life which he prefixed to the 1808 edition, referred to 'the rich vein of genuine humour . . . and disguised and temperate satire', in this book, which won him a considerable reputation, as we know from *The Rolliad* writers and from Gibbon's *Autobiography*. Of Deyverdun's prose translation of the *Guide*, mentioned by Gibbon, John Anstey gives a most amusing specimen in a footnote.

In 1767 appeared Anstey's *Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock* and *The Patriot*, a Pindaric epistle, which was a burlesque on prize-fighting. In 1775, as the result of associa-

tion with Lady Miller's poetical coterie at Batheaston, he embarked on *The Election Ball* (published 1776). *Envy* was the work of 1778; and in December of that year his ode on *Winter Amusements* was read aloud at Lady Miller's assembly. Among his later pieces may be mentioned *Liberality*, *The Farmer's Daughter*, and *Britain's Genius*. His last poem in 1803 was a Latin Alcaic ode to Dr. Jenner, the inoculator. The prismatic gaiety of 'society verse', like a dome of many-coloured glass, enlivens the pages of Anstey's poetry, and stains the dark radiance of indignation. He may have set out with didactic intent, but in the execution little seems to remain but a sort of laughter that is even less serious than Young's Horatian kind. There is an admixture of tattle and fun (especially noticeable in *The Election Ball*), which is not, strictly speaking, satire; but possibly this tendency towards gossip for its own sake was emphasised as a result of the attendances at Batheaston.

## LETTERS FROM *THE NEW BATH GUIDE*

*Mr. S— B—N—R—D<sup>1</sup> to Lady B—N—R—D, at  
— Hall, North.*

### LETTER IV

#### *A Consultation of PHYSICIANS.*

DEAR Mother, my Time has been wretchedly spent  
With a Gripe or a Hickup wherever I went,  
My Stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst,  
Sure never poor Mortal with Wind was so curst  
If ever I ate a good Supper at Night,  
I dream'd of the Devil, and wak'd in a Fright:  
And so as I grew ev'ry Day worse and worse,

The Doctor advis'd me to send for a Nurse;  
And the Nurse was so willing my Health to restore,  
She beg'd me to send for a few Doctors more; 10  
For when any difficult Work's to be done,  
Many Heads can dispatch it much sooner than one;  
And I find there are Doctors enough at this place,  
If you want to consult in a dangerous Case.

So they met all together, and thus began talking: 15  
'Good Doctor, I'm your's—'tis a fine Day for walking—  
'Sad News in the Papers—G—d knows who's to blame—  
'The Colonies seem to be all in a Flame—  
'This *Stamp-Act*, no doubt, might be good for the Crown,  
'But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down— 20  
'What can *Portugal* mean?—Is *She* going to stir up  
'Convulsions and Heats in the bowels of *Europe*?  
'Twill be fatal if *England* relapses again,  
'From the ill Blood and Humours of *Bourbon* and  
*Spain*.'—

Says I, 'My good doctors, I can't understand 25  
'Why the Deuce ye take so many patients in hand;  
'Ye've a great deal of Practice, as far as I find,  
'But since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind  
'To write me down something that's good for the Wind.) }  
'No doubt ye are all of ye great Politicians, 30  
'But at present *my Bowels* have need of Physicians:  
'Consider my Case in the Light it deserves,  
'And pity the State of my Stomach and Nerves.'—  
But a tight little doctor began a dispute  
About administrations, NEW—LE and B—E,<sup>2</sup> 35  
Talk'd much of Oeconomy, much of Profuseness,—  
Says another—'This Case, which at first was a Loose-  
ness,

'Is become a Tenesmus,<sup>3</sup> and all we can do  
 'Is to give him a gentle Cathartic or two;  
 'First get off the Phlegm that adheres to the *Plicae*,<sup>4</sup> 40  
 'Then throw in a Medicine that's pretty and spicy;—  
 'A Peppermint Draught,—or a—Come, let's be gone,  
 'We've another bad Case to consider at One.'

So thus they brush'd off, each his Cane at his Nose,  
 When *Jenny* came in, who had heard all their Prose, 45  
 'I'll teach them, says she, at their next Consultation,  
 'To come and take Fees for the Good of the Nation.'  
 I could not conceive what the Devil she mean't,  
 But she seiz'd all the Stuff that the Doctor had sent,  
 And out of the Window she flung it down souse, 50  
 As the first Politician went out of the House.  
 Decoctions and Syrups around him all flew,  
 The Pill, Bolus, Julep, and Apozem<sup>5</sup> too;  
 His Wig had the Luck a Cathartic to meet,  
 And squash went the Gallipot under his feet. 55  
 She said, 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff  
 When my Bowels were weak, and the Physic so rough;  
 Declar'd she was shock'd that so many should come,  
 To be Doctor'd to Death, such a Distance from Home,  
 At a place where they tell you that Water alone 60  
 Can cure all Distempers that ever were known.  
 But what is the pleasantest Part of the Story,  
 She has ordered for Dinner a Piper<sup>6</sup> and Dory;  
 For to-day Captain CORMORANT's coming to dine,  
 That worthy acquaintance of JENNY's and mine. 65  
 'Tis a Shame to the Army, that Men of such Spirit  
 Should never obtain the Reward of their Merit;  
 For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,

And as honest a Fellow as ever was born;  
 After so many Hardships, and Dangers incur'd, 70  
 He Himself thinks He ought to be better preferr'd,  
 And ROGER, or what is his Name, NICODEMUS,  
 Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us;  
 Our PRUDENCE declares he's an excellent preacher,  
 And by Night and by Day is so good as to teach her, 75  
 His Doctrine so sound with such Spirit he gives,  
 She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.  
 I told you before that He's often so kind  
 As to go out a riding with PRUDENCE behind,  
 So frequently dines here without any pressing, 80  
 And now to the Fish he is giving his Blessing;  
 And as that is the Case, tho' I've taken a Griper,  
 I'll venture to peck at the Dory and Piper.  
 And now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.  
 BATH, 1766. . . . . S— B—N—R—D.

*Mr. S— B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at  
 — Hall, North.*

### LETTER V

*Salutations of BATH, and an Adventure of Mr. B—N—R—D's  
 in Consequence thereof.*

No City, dear Mother, this City excels  
 For charming sweet Sounds both of Fiddles and Bells;  
 I thought, like a Fool, that they only would ring  
 For a Wedding, or Judge, or the Birth of a King;  
 But I found 'twas for *Me*, that the good natur'd People

Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the  
Steeple, 6

So I took out my Purse, as I hate to be shabby,  
And paid all the Men when they came from the Abbey;  
Yet some think it strange they should make such a  
Riot

In a Place where sick Folk would be glad to be quiet;  
But I hear 'tis the Business of this Corporation 11  
To welcome in all the *Great* Men of the Nation,  
For you know there is nothing diverts or employs  
The minds of *Great* people like making a Noise:  
So with bells they contrive all as much as they can 15  
To tell the Arrival of any such Man.

If a Broker, or Statesman, a Gamester, or Peer,  
A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a Bishop comes here,  
Or an eminent *Trader in Cheese* should retire  
Just to think of the Bus'ness the State may require, 20  
With Horns and with Trumpets, with Fiddles and  
Drums,

They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes.  
'Tis amazing they find such a Number of Ways  
Of employing his Thoughts all the Time that he stays!  
If by chance the *Great* Man at his Lodging alone is, 25  
He may view from his Window the Colliers' Ponies  
On both the Parades, where they tumble and kick,  
To the great Entertainment of those that are sick:  
What a number of Turnspits and Builders he'll find  
For relaxing his Cares, and unbending his Mind, 30  
While Notes of sweet Music contend with the Cries  
Of *fine potted Laver, fresh Oysters, and Pies!*  
And Music's a Thing I shall truly revere,  
Since the City-Musicians so tickled my Ear;

For when we arriv'd here at *Bath* t'other Day, 35  
 They came to our Lodgings on Purpose to play;  
 And I thought it was right, as the Music was come,  
 To foot it a little in TABITHA's Room,  
 For Practice makes perfect, as often I've read,  
 And to Heels is of Service as well as the Head; 40  
 But the Lodgers were shock'd such a Noise we should  
 make,  
 And the Ladies declar'd that we kept them awake;  
 Lord RINGBONE, who lay in the Parlour below,  
 On account of the Gout he had got in his Toe,  
 Began on a sudden to curse and to swear; } 45  
 I protest, my dear Mother, 'twas shocking to hear  
 The Oaths of that reprobate gouty old Peer:  
 'All the Devils in Hell sure at once have concurr'd  
 'To make such a Noise here as never was heard,  
 'Some blundering Blockhead, while I am in Bed, 50  
 'Treads as hard as a Coach-Horse just over my Head;  
 'I cannot conceive what a Plague he's about!  
 'Are the Fidlers come hither to make all this Rout  
 'With their d——d squeaking Catgut, that's worse }  
 than the Gout?  
 'If the Aldermen had 'em come hither, I swear 55  
 'I wish they were broiling in Hell with the May'r:  
 'May Flames be my Portion, if ever I give  
 'Those Rascals one Farthing as long as I live.'—  
 So while they were playing their musical Airs,  
 And I was just dancing the Hay round the Chairs, 60  
 He roar'd to his Frenchman to kick them downstairs.  
 The Frenchman came forth with his outlandish Lingo,  
 Just the same as a Monkey, and made all the men go;  
 I could not make out what he said, not a word,

And his Lordship declar'd I was very absurd. 65  
 Says I, 'Master RINGBONE, I've nothing to fear,  
 'Tho' you be a Lord, and your Man a Mounseer,  
 'For the May'r and the Aldermen bad them come }  
 here:

'—As absurd as I am,  
 'I don't care a Damn 70  
 'For you, nor your *Valee de Sham*:  
 'For a Lord, do you see,  
 'Is nothing to me,  
 'Any more than a Flea;  
 'And your Frenchman so eager, 75  
 'With all his Soup Meagre,  
 'Is no more than a Mouse,  
 'Or a Bug, or a Louse.

'And I'll do as I please while I stay in the house;  
 'For the B—N—R—D family all can afford 80  
 'To part with their Money as free as a Lord.'—

So I thank'd the Musicians, and gave them a Guinea,  
 Tho' the Ladies and Gentlemen call'd me a Ninny;  
 And I'll give them another the next Time they }  
 play, 85  
 For Men of good Fortune encourage, they say,  
 All Arts and all Sciences too in their Way;  
 And the Men were so kind as to hallow and bawl,  
 'God bless you, Sir, thank you, good Fortune befall  
 'Yourself, and the B—N—R—D family all.'—

Excuse any more,—for I very well know 90  
 Both my Subject and Verse—*is exceedingly low*;

But if any great Critic finds Fault with my Letter,  
 He has nothing to do but to send you a better,  
 And now, my dear Mother, &c. &c. &c.

BATH, 1766.

S—B—N—R—D.

*Mr. S—B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at  
 —— Hall, North.*

## LETTER VI

*Mr. B—N—R—D gives a Description of the BATHING.*

THIS Morning, dear Mother, as soon as 'twas light,  
 I was wak'd by a Noise that astonish'd me quite,  
 For in TABITHA's Chamber I heard such a Clatter,  
 I could not conceive what the Deuce was the Matter.  
 And, would you believe it? I went up and found her, 5  
 In a Blanket, with two lusty Fellows around her,  
 Who both seem'd a going to carry her off in  
 A little black Box just the size of a Coffin:  
 'Pray tell me,' says I, 'what ye're doing of there?' }  
 'Why, Master, 'tis hard to be bilk'd of our Fare, } 10  
 'And so we were thrusting her into a Chair:  
 'We don't see no Reason for using us so,  
 'For she bad us come hither, and now she won't go:  
 'We've earn'd all the Fare, for we both came and  
 knock'd her  
 'Up, as soon as 'twas light, by Advice of the Doctor; 15  
 'And this is a Job that we often go a'ter  
 'For Ladies that choose to go into the Water.'  
 'But pray,' says I, 'TABITHA, what is your Drift  
 'To be covered in Flannel instead of a Shift?

'Tis all by the Doctor's Advice, I suppose, 20  
 'That Nothing is left to be seen but your Nose:  
 'I think if you really intend to go in,  
 'Twould do you more good if you stript to the Skin,  
 'And if you've a Mind for a Frolick, i' fa' th,  
 'I'll just step and see you jump into the Bath.' 25  
 So they hoisted her down just as safe and as well,  
 And as snug as a Hod'mandod<sup>1</sup> rides in his shell:  
 I fain would have gone to see TABITHA dip,  
 But they turn'd at a Corner and gave me the Slip,  
 Yet in searching about I had better Succes, 30  
 For I got to a Place where the Ladies undress;  
 Thinks I to myself, they are after some Fun,  
 And I'll see what they're doing as sure as a Gun:  
 So I peep'd at the Door, and I saw a great Mat  
 That cover'd a Table, and got under that, 35  
 And laid myself down there, as snug and as still,  
 (As a Body may say) like a Thief in a Mill:  
 And all the fine Sights I have seen, my dear Mother,  
 I never expect to behold such another:  
 How the Ladies did giggle and set up their Clacks, 40  
 All the while an old Woman was rubbing their Backs!  
 Oh 'twas pretty to see them all put on their Flannels,  
 And then take the Water like so many Spaniels,  
 And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,  
 They swam, just as if they were hunting an Otter. 45  
 'Twas a glorious Sight to behold the fair Sex  
 All wading with Gentlemen up to their necks,  
 And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl  
 In a great smoaking Kettle as big as our Hall:  
 And To-Day many Persons of Rank and Condition 50  
 Were boil'd by Command of an able Physician:

Dean SPAVIN, Dean MANGEY, and Doctor DE SQUIRT,  
Were all sent from *Cambridge* to rub off their Dirt;  
Judge BANE,<sup>2</sup> and the worthy old *Councellor PEST*  
Join'd Issue at once, and went in with the rest; 55  
And this they all said was exceedingly good  
For strengthening the Spirits, and mending the Blood.  
It pleas'd me to see how they all were inclin'd  
To lengthen their Lives for the Good of Mankind:  
For I ne'er would believe that a Bishop or Judge 60  
Can fancy old SATAN may owe him a grudge,  
Tho' some think the Lawyer may choose to *Demur*,  
And the Priest till another Occasion *Defer*,  
And both to be better prepar'd for herea'ter,  
Take a Smack of the Brimstone contain'd in the Water.  
But, what is surprising, no Mortal e'er view'd 66  
Any one of the Physical Gentlemen stew'd,  
Since the day that King BLADUD<sup>3</sup> first found out the  
Bogs,  
And thought them so good for himself and his Hogs,  
Not one of the Faculty ever has try'd 70  
These excellent Waters to cure his own Hide;  
Tho' many a skilful and learned Physician,  
With Candour, good Sense, and profound Erudition,  
Obliges the World with the Fruits of his Brain,  
Their Nature and Hidden Effects to explain, 75  
This CHIRON advis'd Madam THETIS to take  
And dip her poor Child in the *Stygian Lake*,  
But the worthy old Doctor was not such an Elf  
As ever to venture his Carcase himself.  
So JASON's good Wife us'd to set on a Pot, 80  
And put in at once all the Patients she got,  
But thought is sufficient to give her Direction,

Without being coddled to mend her Complexion:  
 And I never have heard that she wrote any Treatise,  
 To tell what the Virtue of Water and Heat is. 85  
 You cannot conceive what a Number of Ladies  
 Were washed in the Water the same as our Maid is:  
 Old *Baron VANTEAZER*, a Man of great Wealth,  
 Brought his Lady the *Baroness* here for her Health,  
 The *Baroness* bathes, and she says that her Case 90  
 Has been hit to a Hair, and is mending apace:  
 And this is a Point all the Learned agree on,  
 The *Baron* has met with the Fate of ACTEON;  
 Who, while he peep'd into the Bath had the Luck  
 To find himself suddenly chang'd to a Buck. 95  
 Miss SCRATCHIT went in, and the *Countess of SCALES*,  
 Both Ladies of very great Fashion in *Wales*;  
 Then all on a sudden two Persons of Worth,  
 My Lady PANDORA MAC'SURVEY came forth, |  
 With General SULPHUR arriv'd from the North. } 100  
 So TABBY, you see, had the Honour of Washing  
 With Folk of Distinction and very high Fashion;  
 But in Spite of good Company, poor little Soul,  
 She shook both her Ears like a Mouse in a Bowl.

Ods Bobs! how delighted I was unawares 105  
 With the Fiddles I heard in the Room above Stairs.  
 For Music is wholesome the Doctors all think,  
 For Ladies that bathe, and for Ladies that drink:  
 And that's the Opinion of ROBIN our Driver,  
 Who whistles our Nags while they stand at the River:  
 They say it is right that for every Glass 111  
 A Tune you should take, that the Water may pass;  
 So while little TABBY was washing her Rump,

The Ladies kept drinking it out of a Pump.

I've a deal more to say, but am loth to intrude 115  
On your Time, my dear Mother, so now I'll conclude.  
BATH, 1766. S—B—N—R—D.

Mr. S— B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at  
— Hall, North

## LETTER XIII

## A PUBLIC BREAKFAST

## *Motives for the same. A Lift of the company. A tender Scene. An Unfortunate Incident*

WHAT Blessings attend, my dear Mother, all those  
Who to Crowds of Admirers their Persons expose!  
Do the Gods such a noble Ambition inspire;  
Or Gods do we make of each ardent Desire?  
O generous Passion! 'tis yours to afford  
The splendid Assembly, the plentiful Board;  
To thee do I owe such a Breakfast this Morn,  
As I ne'er saw before, since the Hour I was born;  
'Twas you made my Lord RAGGAMUFFENN come here,  
Who they say has been lately created a Peer; 10  
And To-day, with extreme Complaisance and Respect,  
ask'd  
All the People at *Bath* to a general Breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady BUNBUTTER, no doubt,  
How she loves an *Assembly*, *Fandango*, or *Rout*;  
No lady in *London* is half so expert 15

At a snug private Party, her Friends to divert;  
 But they say that of late she's grown sick of the Town,  
 And often to *Bath* condescends to come down:  
 Her Ladyship's favourite House is the *Bear*,  
 Her Chariot, and Servants, and Horses are there: 20  
 My Lady declares that *Retiring* is good,  
 As all, with a separate Maintenance, shou'd;  
 For when you have put out the conjugal Fire,  
 'Tis Time for all sensible Folk to retire;  
 If HYMEN no longer his Fingers will scorch, 25  
 Little CUPID for others can whip in his Torch,  
 So pert is he grown, since the Custom began,  
 To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the Honour of coming down Post,  
 To pay his Respect to so famous a Toast, 30  
 In Hopes He her Ladyship's Favour might win,  
 By playing the Part of a Host at an Inn.  
 I'm sure He's a Person of great Resolution,  
 Tho' delicate Nerves, and a weak Constitution;  
 For he carried us all to a Place cross the River, 35  
 And vow'd that the Rooms were too hot for his Liver:  
 He said it would greatly our Pleasure promote,  
 If we all for *Spring-Gardens*<sup>1</sup> set out in a Boat:  
 I never as yet could his Reason explain,  
 Why we all sallied forth in the Wind and the Rain: 40  
 For sure such confusion was never yet known!  
 Here a Cap and a Hat, there a Cardinal blown,  
 While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,  
 Was bowing and handing the Ladies ashore.  
 How the Misses did huddle and scuddle, and run! 45  
 One would think to be wet must be very good Fun;

For, by wagging their tails, they all seem'd to take  
Pains

To moisten their Pinions like Ducks when it rains;  
And 'twas pretty to see how, like Birds of a Feather,  
The People of Quality all flock'd together; 50  
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,  
Just the same as those Animals are in a pond.  
You've read all their Names in the News, I suppose,  
But, for fear you have not, take the List as it goes:

There was Lady GREASEWRISTER, 55  
And Madam VAN-TWISTER,  
Her Ladyship's sister.  
Lord CRAM, and Lord VULTER,  
Sir BRANDISH O'CULTER,  
With Marshal CAROUZER, 60  
and old Lady MOWZER,

And the great *Hanoverian* Baron PANSMOWZER;  
Besides many others; who all in the Rain went,  
On purpose to honour this grand Entertainment:  
The Company made a most brilliant Appearance, 65  
And ate Bread and Butter with great Perseverance;  
All the Chocolate too that my Lord set before 'em,  
The Ladies despatch'd with the utmost Decorum.  
Soft musical Numbers were heard all around,  
The Horns and the Clarions echoing Sound: 70  
Sweet were the Strains, as od'rous Gales that blow  
O'er fragrant Banks, where Pinks and Roses grow.  
The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his Side  
Sat Lady BUNBUTTER, in beautiful Pride;  
Oft turning his Eyes, he with Rapture survey'd 75  
All the powerful Charms she so nobly display'd.

As when, at the Feast of the great ALEXANDER,<sup>2</sup>  
 TIMOTHEUS, the musical Son of THERSANDER,  
 Breath'd heavenly Measures;

The Prince was in Pain, 80  
 And could not contain,  
 While THAIS was sitting beside him:  
 But, before all his Peers  
 Was for shaking the Spheres,  
 Such Goods all the kind Gods<sup>3</sup> did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder, 86  
 And cock'd up his Shoulder,  
 Like the son of great JUPITER AMMON,<sup>4</sup>  
 Till at length, quite opprest,  
 He sunk on her Breast, 90  
 And lay there as dead as a Salmon.

O had I Voice that was stronger than Steel,  
 With twice Fifty Tongues to express what I feel,  
 And as many good Mouths, yet I never could utter  
 All the Speeches my Lord made to Lady BUNBUTTER. 95  
 So polite all the Time, that he ne'er touch'd a Bit,  
 While she ate up his Rolls and applaud'd his Wit:  
 For they tell me that Men of *true Taste*, when they  
 treat,  
 Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat,  
 And if that be the Fashion, I never will give 100  
 Any grand Entertainment as long as I live:  
 For I'm of Opinion, 'tis proper to chear  
 The Stomach and Bowels, as well as the Ear.  
 Nor me did the charming Concerto of ABEL<sup>5</sup>  
 Regale like the Breakfast I saw on the Table; 105

I freely will own I the Muffins preferr'd  
 To all the genteel Conversation I heard;  
 E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between }  
 My Lady STUFF-DAMASK and PEGGY MOREEN, }  
 Who both flew to *Bath* in the *London Machine*. } 110  
 Cries PEGGY, 'This Place is enchantingly pretty;  
 'We never can see such a Thing in the City:  
 'You may spend all your Life-time in *Cateaton Street*,  
 'And never so civil a Gentleman meet;  
 'You may take what you please; you may search *London*  
 through; 115  
 'You may go to *Carlisle's*,<sup>6</sup> and to *Almanac's*<sup>7</sup> too,  
 'And I'll give you my Head if you find such a host,  
 'For Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Butter and Toast:  
 'How he welcomes at once all the World and his Wife  
 'And how civil to Folk he ne'er saw in his Life!'— 120  
 'These Horns, cries my Lady, so tickle one's Ear,  
 'Lard! what would I give that Sir SIMON was here!  
 'To the next Public Breakfast Sir SIMON shall go,  
 'For I find here are Folks one may venture to know:  
 'Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend, 125  
 'And my Lord would be pleas'd with so chearful a  
 Friend.'

So when we had wasted more Bread at a Breakfast  
 Than the poor of our Parish have ate for this Week  
 past,  
 I saw, all at once, a prodigious great Throng,  
 Come bustling, and rustling, and jolting along: 130  
 For his Lordship was pleas'd that the Company now  
 To my Lady BUNBUTTER should curt'sey and bow;  
 And my Lady was pleased too, and seem'd vastly proud

At once to receive all the Thanks of a Crowd;  
 And when, like *Chaldeans*, we all had ador'd      135  
 This beautiful Image set up by my Lord,  
 Some few insignificant Folk went away,  
 Just to follow th' Employments and Calls of the Day!  
 But those who knew better their Time how to spend,  
 The Fiddling and Dancing all chose to attend.      140  
 Miss CLUNCH and Sir TOBY perform'd a *Cotillon*,  
 Just the same as our SUSAN and BOB the Postilion;  
 All the while her Mamma was expressing her Joy,  
 That her Daughter the Morning so well could employ.

—Now why should the Muse, my dear Mother, relate  
 The Misfortunes that fall to the Lot of the Great?      146  
 As Homeward we came—'tis with Sorrow you'll hear  
 What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:  
 For whether some envious God has decreed  
 That a *Naiad*<sup>8</sup> should long to ennable her breed;      150  
 Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold  
 His Face in the Stream, like NARCISSUS of old;  
 In handing old Lady BUMFIDGET and Daughter,  
 This obsequious Lord tumbled into the Water;  
 But a Nymph of the Flood brought him safe to the Boat,  
 And I left all the Ladies a'cleaning his Coat—      156

Thus the Feast was concluded, as far as I hear,  
 To the great Satisfaction of all that were there.  
 O may he give Breakfasts as long as he stays!  
 For I ne'er ate a better in all my born Days,      160  
 In Haste, I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

BATH, 1766.

S—B—N—R—D.

*Miss PRUDENCE B—N—R—D to Lady ELIZ.  
M—D—SS, at —— Castle, North*

## LETTER XIV

*Miss PRUDENCE B—N—R—D informs Lady BETTY, that  
She has been elected to METHODISM by a VISION*

Hearken, Lady BETTY, hearken,  
To the dismal News I tell;  
How your Friends are still embarking  
For the fiery Gulph of Hell.

Brother SIMKIN's grown a Rakeshell,  
Cards and dances ev'ry Day;  
JENNY laughs at Tabernacle,  
TABBY RUNT is gone astray.

Blessed I, though once rejected,  
Like a little wand'ring Sheep;  
Who this Morning was elected  
By a Vision in my Sleep.

For I dream'd an Apparition  
Came, like ROGER, from Above,  
Saying, by Divine Commission  
I must fill you full of Love.

Just with ROGER's Head of Hair on,  
ROGER's Mouth, and pious Smile;  
Sweet, methinks, as Beard of AARON,  
Dropping down with holy Oil.

5

10

15

20

I began to fall a kicking,  
 Panted, struggled, strove in vain,  
 When the Spirit whipt so quick in,  
 I was cur'd of all my Pain.

First I thought it was the Night-Mare  
 Lay so heavy on my Breast;  
 But I found new Joy and Light there,  
 When with Heav'ly Love possest.

Come again then, Apparition,  
 Finish what thou hast begun;  
 ROGER, stay, Thou Soul's Physician,  
 I with thee my Race will run.

Faith her Chariot has appointed,  
 Now we're stretching for the Goal;  
 All the Wheels with Grace anointed,  
 Up to Heav'n to drive my Soul.

The Editor, for many Reasons, begs to be excused giving the Public the sequel of this young Lady's Letter, but if the Reader will please to look into the Bishop of *Exeter's* Book, entitled *The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared*, he will find many *Instances* (particularly of young People) who have been elected in the Manner above.<sup>1</sup>

*Mr. S—— B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at  
—— Hall, North*

LETTER XV

Serious REFLECTIONS of *Mr. B—N—R—D.—His BILL  
of EXPENCES.—A Farewell to BATH<sup>1</sup>*

ALAS, my dear Mother, our Evil and Good  
By few is distinguished, by few is understood:  
How oft' are we doom'd to repent at the End,  
The Events that our pleasantest Prospects attend;  
As SOLON declar'd, in the last Scene alone 5  
All the Joys of our Life, all our Sorrows are known.  
When first I came hither for Vapours and Wind, }  
To cure all Distempers, and study Mankind, }  
How little I dream'd of the Tempest behind!  
I never once thought what a furious Blast, 10  
What Storms of Distress would o'erwhelm me at last.  
How wretched am I! what a fine Declamation  
Might be made of the Subject of my Situation!  
I'm a Fable!—an Instance!—and serve to dispense  
An Example to all Men of Spirit and Sense; 15  
To all Men of Fashion, and all Men of Wealth,  
Who come to this Place to recover their Health:  
For my Means are so small, and my Bills are so large,  
I ne'er can come home till you send a Discharge.  
Let the Muse speak the Cause, if a Muse yet remain, 20  
To supply me with Rhimes, and express all my Pain.

Paid Bells, and Musicians,  
Drugs, Nurse and Physicians,

Balls, Raffles, Subscriptions, and Chairs,  
 Wigs, Gowns, Skins and Trimming, 25  
 Good Books for the Women,  
 Plays, Concerts, Tea, Negus and Prayers.

Paid the following Schemes,  
 Of all who it seems  
 Make Charity Bus'ness their Care: 30  
 A Gamester decay'd,  
 And a prudish old Maid,  
 By Gaiety brought to Despair:  
 A Fidler of note,  
 Who for Lace on his Coat, 35  
 To his Taylor was much in Arrears;  
 An Author of Merit,  
 Who wrote with such Spirit,  
 The Pillory took off his Ears.

A Sum, my dear Mother, far heavier yet,  
 Captain CORMORANT won when I learn'd Lansque- } 40  
 net,

Two Hundred I paid him, and Five am in Debt.  
 For the Five I had nothing to do but to *write*,  
 For the Captain was very well bred, and polite,  
 And took, as he saw my Expences were Great, 45  
 My Bond, to be paid on the *Clodpole* Estate;  
 And asks nothing more while the Money is lent,  
 Than Interest paid him at Twenty per Cent.  
 But I'm shock'd to relate what Distresses befall  
 Miss JENNY, my sister, and TABBY and all: 50  
 Miss JENNY, poor Thing, from this *Bath* Expedition,  
 Was in Hopes very soon to have chang'd her Condition;  
 But Rumour has brought certain Things to her Ear,

Which I ne'er will believe, yet am sorry to hear:  
 'That the Captain, her Lover, her dear ROMEO, 55  
 Was Banish'd the Army a great while ago;  
 This his Friends and his Foes he alike can betray,  
 And picks up a scandalous Living by Play.'  
 But if e'er I could think that the Captain had cheated,  
 Or my dear cousin JENNY unworthily treated, 60  
 By all that is sacred I swear, for his Pains  
 I'd cudgel him first, and then blow out his Brains.  
 For the Man I abhor like the Devil, dear mother,  
 Who one Thing conceals, and professes another.

O how shall we know the right Way to pursue?— 65  
 Do the ills of mankind from religion accrue?—  
 Religion, design'd to relieve all our Care,  
 Has brought my poor sister to Grief and Despair:  
 Now she talks of Damnation, and screws up her face,  
 Then prates about ROGER, and spiritual Grace; 70  
 Her senses, alas! seem at once gone astray—  
 No Pen can describe it, no Letter convey.

But the *Man without Sin*, That *Moravian Rabbi*,  
 Has perfectly cured the *Chlorosis* of TABBY;  
 And if right I can judge from her Shape and her Face,  
 She soon may produce him an Infant of Grace. 76

Now they say that all People, in our Situation  
 Are very fine subjects for Regeneration:  
 But I think, my dear Mother, the best we can do,  
 Is to pack up our All, and return back to you. 80

Farewell then, ye Streams,  
 Ye poetical Themes!  
 Sweet Fountains for curing the Spleen!

I am grieved to the Heart  
Without Cash to depart, 85  
And quit this adorable Scene:

Where Gaming and Grace  
Each other embrace,  
Dissipation and Piety meet:—  
May all who've a notion  
Of Cards or Devotion, 90  
Make *Bath* their delightful Retreat.

S— B—D.

FINIS

## NOTES

### SATIRE ON WOMEN

#### TEXTUAL NOTE

*Text.* This is based on the 1728 8vo edition (Tonson, London): *Love of Fame, The Universal Passion, in Seven Characteristical Satires* [by E. Y.]. On the whole it is superior to the Folio edition of 1727 (Roberts, London) for the following reasons:

- (1) It is more consistent in the use of italics, which are used throughout pretty uniformly for the bringing out of 'points'. The 1727 edition (the series of the 'Universal Passion' beginning with Satire I, 1725) sometimes uses italics, with or without a capital initial letter, and sometimes a capital initial to ordinary print. I fail to appreciate the subtle distinction whereby (in 1727 edition) 'Collicks' is allowed a capital, but not 'indigestions'.
- (2) Misprints have been corrected, and
- (3) Punctuation improved, e.g. the line which, in 1727 edition, reads, rather lamentably:

Goes with the fashionable Owls to bed  
is amended to the unexceptionable

Goes, with the *fashionable* Owls, to bed.

The B.M. copy of 1728 contains MS. notes by Horace Walpole, which are used here; the 1727 has a few MS. marginal notes, not always very decipherable.

The (Dublin) 1764 12mo edition shows a few changes which are recorded here; in some cases spelling is modified, and the typography now admits proper names entirely in capitals.

*General note.* Young's 5th and 6th Satires, both on women,

show him in his best and lightest Horatian mood. Pope has largely eclipsed Young's merit as a pioneer of 'rococo' satire but it is now time to recognise once more the elegance which was once considered worth thousands of pounds and a substantial reputation. On the other hand, Pope's *Rape of the Lock* had already set a decorative fashion, the effects of which are seen here: and Young's

Is her lord angry, or has *Viny* chid?  
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?

is an obvious sequel to Pope's

When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last.

(*Rape of the Lock.*)

<sup>1</sup> *Milton*. From *Paradise Lost*, Book IX; part of Adam's soliloquy on discovering that Eve has taken the serpent's advice in the matter of the apple. (Printed on title-page of 1727 and 1728 editions.)

<sup>2</sup> *A theme, fair*—: Was this the Countess of Suffolk? See note on 'to —— turn', below.

<sup>3</sup> *Smithfield*: Formerly the chief market for horses and cattle. But the main attraction for the general public was Bartholomew Fair, where roast pork was eaten, ribbons and finery bought, and pockets picked. Ned Ward describes the fun in his *London Spy*: Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was acted, soon after its production, by a group of Haymarket actors at the George Inn, Smithfield, during the fair.

<sup>4</sup> *Rabbits*: alluding to Mary Tofts, the rabbit woman of Godalming (Walpole). She claimed to have given birth to rabbits in 1726.

<sup>5</sup> *Cleopatra*: Was this Loveday's translation of the Romance by Gautier de Costes de la Calprenède, which had a wide reputation, and was also rendered into Italian [?]. It was the best of Calprenède's novels; and contains the character of Artaban (whence the proverb, 'Fier comme Artaban').

<sup>6</sup> *Fobert*: evidently Foubert, a Frenchman who came to England in 1684 and conducted a riding academy in London, from which Foubert's Passage derived its name. Evelyn writes in his Diary, that Foubert had 'lately come from Paris for his religion, and resolved to settle here'.

<sup>7</sup> *Delia*: Walpole says that this was Lady Anne Egerton (the separated wife of the Duke of Bedford), who often drove a coach and six to Newmarket. MS. note to 1727 edition: 'D . . . ss B . . . dford'.

<sup>8</sup> *silken thong*: 'sounding thong', 1727 ed.

<sup>9</sup> *Sesostris*: a legendary King of Egypt who was said to have conquered the whole world, and may be styled the embodiment of the Egyptian imperialistic spirit. Herodotus (ii. 102-111) gives some picturesque detail of him.

<sup>10</sup> *They drive, row, run*, etc.: according to Walpole, the Countesses of Denbigh and Essex.

<sup>11</sup> *Sir H—s*: referring, no doubt, to Sir Hans Sloane, M.D., 1660-1752, physician, botanist and P.R.S. He is more fully mentioned in Young's 4th Satire. ('Sir Hans', 1764 ed.)

<sup>12</sup> *Viny*: name of a lap-dog. ('Veny', 1764 ed.)

<sup>13</sup> *to bed*: see note on Text, above.

<sup>14</sup> *And waste their musick*, etc.: suggests to Walpole, Gray's 'and waste their sweetness on the desert air'.

<sup>15</sup> *Eastbury*: near Blandford, Dorset; the country house of George Bubb Dodington (see Introduction, p. 9).

<sup>16</sup> *Durfy*: ('Durfe', 1764 ed.), Thomas (1653-1723), poet and dramatist. He had a rare gift for burlesque (cf. his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*), and Pope wrote of him as 'your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country'. Of his numerous comedies may be mentioned *The Fond Husband* (1676), *The Modern Prophets* (1709), *The Two Queens of Brentford* (pub. 1721).

<sup>17</sup> *Bunyan*: 'Bunyan', 1764 ed.

<sup>18</sup> *Some Nymphs . . . astronomy*: Walpole sees a reference to Mrs. Clayton, woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline.

<sup>19</sup> *Rowley*: John, a maker of scientific instruments, who constructed the first orrery (which was actually planned by George Graham) for Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

<sup>20</sup> *Poitier*: a French operatic dancer who was appearing in London at this time.

<sup>21</sup> *Desagulier*: Jean Théophile, 1667-1752; a physicist, and follower of Newton.

<sup>22</sup> *Whiston*: William, 1667-1752; an eccentric divine and 'scientist', who concerned himself not only with theology,

astronomy and physics, but with Mary Tofts, the rabbit-woman. Newton is said to have prevented his election to the Royal Society in 1720, because he dreaded Whiston's habit of contradiction.

<sup>23</sup> *To — turn*: according to Walpole '—' was for Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, Queen Caroline's Mistress of the Robes. 'She was the Mrs. Howard mentioned often by Pope and Swift: among the latter's letters are copies of hers.'

<sup>24</sup> *But O! the nymph . . . skies*: (Walpole), Lady Sundon, woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and protectress of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

<sup>25</sup> *woe*: 'woo', later ed.

<sup>26</sup> *Isaac*: Isaac Watts (Walpole).

<sup>27</sup> *beauteous*: 'beatuous', 1727 ed.

<sup>28</sup> *Abra*: 'Appia', 1764 ed.

<sup>29</sup> *Thalestris*: Lady Tyrconnel (Walpole and 1727 MS. note).

<sup>30</sup> *Indian*: 'Chinese', 1764 ed.

<sup>31</sup> *High-born Anna*: (Walpole), The Princess Royal, afterwards Princess of Orange.

<sup>32</sup> *Lyce*: (Walpole), Lady Harcourt, widow to Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

## LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPAR'D TEXTUAL NOTE

The text is based on the Folio of 1744 (London, printed for M. Cooper). Several alterations to this satire appear in Johnson's edition of the Poems, 1775 (London, 2 vols., with the life). It is questionable whether most of these are, *qua* emendations, superior to the originals.

For the circumstances in which this poem was written, see Biographical Note.

<sup>1</sup> [Title]. On the title-page of the Folio are the words, 'written in Newgate, Bristol, by the late Richard Savage, Esq.'

<sup>2</sup> *COMPAR'D*: 'Delineated' (Johnson's ed.), with foot-note. (See below.)

<sup>3</sup> *And these from*: Johnson. Folio has 'They from'.

<sup>4</sup> *The Shape . . . borrows*: Johnson has 'Borrows the shape of goodness'.

<sup>5</sup> *bosom secret*: Johnson has 'bosom-secrets'.

<sup>6</sup> *thy true-adopted son*: Johnson has 'in thy adopted son'.

<sup>7</sup> *chatter, and*: 'chattering wild' (Johnson).

<sup>8</sup> *GALEN's Art*: 'doctor's right' (Johnson).

<sup>9</sup> *whose Quirks*: 'whence rules' (Johnson).

<sup>10</sup> *Chests that*: 'courts that' (Johnson).

<sup>11</sup> *peddling Fleets*: 'pedlar-fleets' (Johnson).

<sup>12</sup> *Muckworms*: 'mushrooms' (Johnson).

Notes: as in Johnson's ed.

*Delineated*: The Author preferr'd this title to that of *London and Bristol Compared*; which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

*Tolsey* (page 82): A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XIII. p. 496.

*Halliers* (page 82): Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges which are here used instead of carts.

## THE POET'S DEPENDANCE ON A STATESMAN TEXTUAL NOTE

Text: based on that of *The Works of Richard Savage*, edited by Samuel Johnson (2 vols., 1775). (No earlier version was available for the limited time at my disposal. The plan of publishing *The Progress of a Divine* being reluctantly abandoned, a substitute was found somewhat hurriedly.)

## THE FOOTMAN TEXTUAL NOTE

The text is based on that of *The Muse in Livery* (1st ed.), 1732, which has come down practically unaltered (as far as this poem is concerned), except for typography, through

subsequent editions. There seems little point, however, in reproducing the very cumbrous, if imposing, type of the title of the poem in this edition. There are no quotation marks in the 1732 ed.: these are supplied. An erroneous (') after 'Morpheus' is also deleted.

### MODERN REASONING

Text: based on that of *Trifles*, by R. Dodsley. Published at Tully's Head in Pall Mall, 1745.

<sup>1</sup> L——: [?] Lyttleton, many of whose poems are included in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*.

<sup>2</sup> THOMPSON'S LIBERTY. See Johnson's life of James Thomson (1700-1748). Johnson tells us that the poem *Liberty* was written because 'Thomson, in his travels on the continent, found or fancied he found so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments'.

### THE HILLIAD

#### TEXTUAL NOTE

The text is based on the edition published by Newbery, London, 1753: by 'C. SMART. A.M. Fellow of Pembroke Hall', etc.: with the Notes Variorum and other matter. Some of this, space compels me to omit; viz. the prefatory letters, the extracts from *The Impertinent Gentleman's Magazine* (Aug. 1751), *Inspector*, and *Monthly Review*; and the *ERRATUM magnum lacrymabile* at the end.

Some misprints, e.g. of Latin words in 1753 ed. ('in utile' for 'inutile', and 'purpurerum' for 'purpureum') are amended as in later editions, e.g. in Dilly's *Repository*, 1790, and Chalmers. (In the *Repository* the French in the note on Inanity is partly misspelt: but correct in Chalmers.)

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON HILL

John Hill [? 1716-1775], who, on receiving the order of Vasa, called himself Sir John, was a quack, but had some

true skill and reputation as a botanist; though he was not elected F.R.S. In revenge for this last omission he said hard things of the Society as he did of others to whom he found himself opposed, e.g. Fielding, Woodward, or Smart.

His immense and miscellaneous 'authorship', including much rubbish (see *D.N.B.*, Isaac Disraeli's *Calamities and Quarrels*, and the *Short Account* of 1772), ranged from *The History of a Woman of Quality* to *Hortus Kewensis*. His farce, *The Rout*, was hissed off the stage—where, according to Smart and Woodward, he was no more successful as an actor than as a playwright. His notoriety was achieved at the time by the self-advertising methods of charlatanism. He married twice; his second wife being the Hon. Henrietta Jones, who survived him to attempt to show that Bute was responsible for his loss of health and fortune; but Bute had actually helped him.

The quarrel between him and Hill was one of several 'paper wars' on which he embarked; others being waged against Woodward and Fielding: to both of which Smart alludes in the *Notes Variorum*. The Smart affair blazed up in 1752, when Smart protested against Hill's behaviour in 'slanging' him in the *Impertinent* and attacking himself for doing so in the *Inspector* (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. 1752), and the letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1752, may well be Smart's: he certainly treats it (*Notes Variorum*) as if it was. Hill replied acridly with a charge of ingratitude and some insinuations about Newbery\* (*Inspector*, Dec. 7, and *Gentleman's Magazine*, Supplement, 1752), claiming to have launched Smart on his literary career, and damning him as a writer. Smart, in the *Daily Gazetteer*, and Newbery, in the *Daily Advertiser*, publicly repudiated his allegations. Hill had also referred to an 'abusive poem', read at alehouses and cyder cellars, as likely to be published. This was *The Hilliad* (pub. 1753), to which his [?] *Smartiad* was an ineffective *riposte*.

The irritation roused by Hill and his *Inspectors* in contemporaries stimulated other and less competent satirists. Kenrick's *Pasquinade*, also with 'Notes Variorum', is a weak

\* Smart's friend and publisher.

alternative to *The Hilliad*, but has the historic interest of a conscious imitation of Pope; and Cuthbert Shaw includes in his *Peace* an attack on Hill, who is made to say the following 'piece':

Who toils like me thy temple to unlock  
 By *moral essays, rhyme, and water-dock?*  
 With perseverance who like me could write  
*Inspector* on *Inspector*, night by night:  
 Supplying still, with unexhausted head,  
 Till ev'ry reader slumber'd as he read?

There are also notes—this time by 'Faustinus Scriblerus'.

NOTE TO POEM, p. 102, l. 109.

*Budig* for 'Burdig'. The old Latin name for Bordeaux was Burdigala. Hill was a member of the Royal Academy of Science at Bordeaux. (See also p. 116.)

Hill advertised his own works on the *Inspector* page of the *London Daily Advertiser*; and we find him styled, in one such announcement of his *Essays in Natural History and Philosophy* (1752), 'John Hill, M.D., Acad. Reg. Scient. Burdig., &c, Soc.'

THE HILLIAD, NOTES VARIORUM

<sup>1</sup> *Quinbus Flestrin*: The Lilliputian name for Gulliver, here adopted by Smart for one of his 'scholiasts'. (See Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*.)

<sup>2</sup> *Garth*: Sir Samuel (1661-1719), physician, friend of Dryden, and poet. His able *Dispensary* is levelled against medical abuses.

<sup>3</sup> *Nec longum tempus, etc.*: Virgil, *Georgics*, B. II, l. 80-83.

<sup>4</sup> *Cuper's*: i.e. Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth. A place of entertainment with a low reputation, suppressed by the magistrates in 1753. Its name was derived from Boydell Cuper, its institutor, who had been gardener to Lord Arundel.

<sup>5</sup> *Granon*: Lewis Christian Austin Granon, a composer

of songs and instrumental pieces, active between 1740 and 1745.

<sup>6</sup> *Major England*: cf. 'the Will of Doctor Atall', in the skit on Hill called *Lubitina sine Concubitu*, 1752. 'My sword I leave to Major En—d, being assur'd he will make better use of it than I have done.' The Major was Hill's Imaginary Bodyguard, 'formerly celebrated in a Paper called *The Inspector*' (*Covent Garden Journal*, No. 53, July 4, 1752). See *Inspector*, No. 341.

<sup>7</sup> *Catherine and Katy*: This was a lyric by Hill, addressed to Lady Catherine \*\*\*\*\*\*, printed in *Inspector*, No. 464, where we are told that it was sung that night (Aug. 25, 1752) at Cuper's. Miss Maria Bennat was the singer; the music was by Gramom.

<sup>8</sup> *Woodward*: Henry, comedian, who was acting in the middle of the century (e.g. in *The Double Dealer*, 1756). Foote burlesqued his manner when acting Sir Fopling Flutter, and Woodward retaliated with *Tit for Tat*, a dramatic skit on Foote (1747). He was quarrelsome, and fell foul of Hill.

<sup>9</sup> *Woodward's letter*: 'A letter from Henry Woodward, Comedian, the Meanest of all Characters (see *Inspector*, No. 524) to John Hill, Inspector-General of Great Britain, the Greatest of all Characters (see all the *Inspectors*)', 1751-2.

<sup>10</sup> *Pendebat in aere tellus, etc.*: Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, l. 12-13.

<sup>11</sup> *Some demon whisper'd, etc.*: Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle IV, l. 16, from a passage on 'taste', and its expense. The couplet runs:

What brought sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?  
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto? have a taste.'

<sup>12</sup> *Ye gods, annihilate, etc.*: From 'Martinus Scriblerus, *Art of Sinking in Poetry*', chap. xi.

<sup>13</sup> *Style*: see *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1751. The Bill for reforming the Calendar to the 'New Style' was then in the House of Lords.

'Ye gods annihilate', etc., is quoted in a letter on the New

Style in the *Inspector* (No. 473, Sept. 15), as copied in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This epigram follows:

A change in our stile, our wise laws now decree,  
 A hint Great Inspector! to you!  
 One line then of sence, and we all will agree,  
 That your style is entirely new.

Bedford Coff.

SIMPLEX.

<sup>14</sup> *Mr. de Scaizau*: [?] Referring to the Chevalier Michel Descazeaux du Halley (1710-1775), a French poet, and debtor who lived in this latter capacity within the rules of the Fleet (*v. Notes and Queries*, ix. 8). He was something of a character in his day, was known as 'the French poet', and counted Goldsmith and Murphy among his acquaintances. His death is recorded in *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Annual Register*, and *Town and Country Magazine*.

<sup>15</sup> *A tatter'd tapestry*, etc.: 'Hill', says I. Disraeli, 'seems studiously to have mortified his luckless rivals' (*i.e.* in the *Inspector*) 'by a perpetual embroidery of his adventures in the "Walks at Marybone", the "Rotunda at Ranelagh", etc.' (*Quarrels and Calamities of Authors*).

<sup>16</sup> *And the fresh vomit*, etc.: Pope, *Dunciad*, II. l. 157.

<sup>17</sup> *Ranelagh*: where he was publicly chastised by Brown, the 'handsome young fellow' in question.

For Hill's account of the whipping see *Inspectors*, 370, 376, 386, 390. Hill had written an *Inspector* (No. 364) portraying the character of a worthless and foppish person; which Brown took as an insult levelled at himself. He attempted to cane Hill at Ranelagh, though, according to the latter's version, he was not very successful.

<sup>18</sup> *The veryworsted*, etc.: Pope, *Dunciad*, II, l. 150.

<sup>19</sup> *Subito non vultus*, etc.: Vergil, *Aeneid*, B. VI, l. 47.

<sup>20</sup> *Æolists*: *v. Tale of a Tub*, viii. 'The learned Aeolists maintain the original Cause of all Things to be the *Wind*.' (The section satirises the various kinds of inspirationists, and Smart's implication is obvious.)

<sup>21</sup> *Irishmen*: The man Brown, who caned Hill in the public gardens at Ranelagh. See note on Ranelagh, above.

<sup>22</sup> *Bella, horrida bella*, etc.: Vergil, *Aeneid*, B. VI, l. 86; part of the prophecy of the Sybil. 'Alius Latio', etc., occurs in the same speech.

<sup>23</sup> *L—der*: William Lauder (d. at Barbadoes, 1771), who tried to prove Milton a plagiarist. See his *Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns*, pub. 1751.

<sup>24</sup> *Rapin, Burnet . . . Echard, Higgons*: each pair of writers belongs to opposing political camps. Paul de Rapin-Thoyres (1661-1725) was a supporter of William III, in whose service he was wounded at Limerick. He wrote an *Histoire d'Angleterre*, 1724, and a *Dissertation sur les Whigs et les Tories*, 1717. Gilbert Burnet (1643-1735), Bishop of Salisbury, and author of the well-known *History of his own Times*, was an opponent of James II, and instrumental in bringing William over.

On the other side, Laurence Echard (1671?-1730) was the author of *A General Ecclesiastical History*. Calamy attacked this work on the ground that it was unfair to non-conformists.

Bevil Higgons (1670-1735) was a staunch adherent of James II. He opposed Burnet with his *Critical Remarks on Burnet's History*.

<sup>25</sup> *Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee*: This seems to be a skit on Henley's method of tabulating 'The Academical, or Week-day's Subject of the Oratory'—see his *Oratory Transactions*, 1728, etc.: where, *inter alia*, we find this entry: 'An Inquisition, Knicknack and Clappetdogeon; Scheme for a Conkacklation of ladies, Queer-cuffins Supremacy; Prospect of the Blessed Millennium; Goody Whiston's Joy', etc., which Smart at his wildest could scarcely surpass.

<sup>26</sup> *Mr. Orator H—ley*: John Henley (1692-1756), an eccentric parson who left the Church of England in order to exploit his peculiarities as an independent preacher. He was something of a charlatan; and once drew a congregation of cobblers with a promise to show them a new and rapid way of making shoes, which he performed, by cutting off the tops of his boots. He took part in the journalism of the time, was associated with the notorious Curril, and wrote, as a tool of Walpole's, in a paper called *The Hyp*

*Doctor* between 1730 and 1739. His literary works consist largely of lectures, tracts, etc., but include a 'course' in foreign languages, and a poem, *Esther, Queen of Persia*. (See also Introduction, p. 14.)

<sup>27</sup> *As things seem large*, etc.: Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 394-5. The second line is misquoted here, and should run

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

<sup>28</sup> *Lion*: Hill had set up Steele's 'letter-box' lion's head (designed by Hogarth) at the Bedford in 1751,—see *Inspector* of Nov. 13 in that year: 'the Lion of my honoured Predecessors made his public Entry... into the Bedford....' Fielding twitted him on his lion in *The Covent Garden Journal*. The Black Lion and Red Lion are mentioned in *Inspector*, No. 13, where the latter is made to greet Hill's lion. See also *Inspectors* 183, 227, 230, 235, 268: and Smart's poem, *The Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford*. Salisbury Court, off Fleet Street, was a centre of literary activity; it was there that Samuel Richardson had his printing house.

<sup>29</sup> *Bedford*: The Bedford Head, an eating house in Southampton Street, mentioned several times by Pope (and see Introduction, p. 1). It was also frequented by Churchill, Hogarth, and Fielding, and by Voltaire when he was in England.

<sup>30</sup> *Ficulnus, inutile lignum*: Horace, *Satires*, B. I, viii, l. 1.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum.

A 'Priapus' is supposed to be speaking, a fact no doubt recognised by Smart when he selected this tag in reference to the 'lignum' associated with Hill.

<sup>31</sup> *Renew'd by ordure's*, etc.: Pope, *Dunciad*, II, l. 103-107.

<sup>32</sup> *Inspector*: see Introduction, p. 17, and notes above. The Inspectors were Hill's leading articles in the *London Daily Advertiser*, 1751-53.

<sup>33</sup> *Duck*: Stephen, a poet (Poems, 1730, etc.) of humble origin. Born in 1705, the son of a thresher, he took orders, and drowned himself in the Thames in 1756.

<sup>34</sup> *Busy, curious, thirsty fly*: The poem beginning with this line was written by William Oldys (1696-1761), and entitled *On a Fly Drinking out of a Cup of Ale*.

<sup>35</sup> *Presumes into the Heavens*, etc.: Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. VII, l. 13, where the passage runs:

Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.

<sup>36</sup> *Mr. Bayes*: See Villiers' *Rehearsal*, in which Dryden and his drama were satirised. Bayes is a caricature not so much of Dryden, as of the dramatist of the new theories, e.g. the 'heroic' theory. The reference here is to Act III, scene 4:

*Bayes*. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

<sup>37</sup> *Majus opus*, etc.: Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII, l. 44. The correct quotation is:

... major rerum mihi nascitur ordo  
Majus opus moveo.

*Omnis enim*, etc. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, B. I, l. 57-59. For such few as are not yet familiar with Lucretius, Lagrange's elegant rendering is appended: 'En effet, les dieux, par le privilége de leur nature, doivent jouir, dans une profonde paix, de leur immortalité; hors de la sphère de nos événements, éloignés de notre monde. . . .

*Anti-Lucretius*. A Latin poem of this name was composed by Cardinal Melchior de Polignac (1661-1741) towards the end of his life, and he died before it was completed. Editing and the filling up of lacunae was then carried out by the Abbé de Rothelin and Professor Lebeau. Bougainville translated it into French in 1749. There does not, however, appear to have been an English translation before Dobson's (1757), four years after the appearance of *The Hilliad*. The poem was written against Lucretianism, which the Cardinal had found reason to deplore in the conversation of Bayle; but, with the Encyclopédistes, Lucretianism triumphed. There could have been little force left in *Anti-Lucretius* when Diderot said: 'Faites de la métaphysique tant qu'il vous plaira; moi je suis physicien et chymiste'.

<sup>38</sup> *Longinus*: His Treatise of the Sublime was a powerful influence in eighteenth-century aesthetic; cf., e.g. *Spectator*, Nos. 267-269; Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*; Burke, *Of the Sublime and Beautiful*, etc.

<sup>39</sup> *Author of the Pleasures of Imagination*: Mark Akenside, M.D. (1721-1770).

<sup>40</sup> *Kensington Gardens*: *Inspector*, No. 429 (to which Smart is no doubt referring), deals with entomology in Kensington Gardens.

<sup>41</sup> *Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne*: alias William Melmoth (1710-1799), author of *Letters on Several Subjects*, by *Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne*, 1742.

<sup>42</sup> *Te boves olim*, etc.: Horace, *Odes*, B. I, No. ix.

<sup>43</sup> *At non Venus*, etc.: Vergil, *Aeneid*, B. X, l. 16.

<sup>44</sup> *Lumenque juventae*, etc.: Vergil, *Aeneid*, B. I, l. 591.

<sup>45</sup> *Lucina sine concubitu*: See Introduction, p. 17.

<sup>46</sup> *Smartead*: see note on Hill, above.

<sup>47</sup> *Essay upon Nothing*: Fielding's: see his *Miscellanies*, 1743, Vol. I. A piece of brilliant and learned foolery, it has evidently inspired Smart to produce this amusing skit on scholarly annotation.

<sup>48</sup> *Gravesend*: William James S'Gravesande (1688-1742), the Dutch philosopher. He was a friend of Newton, and when in England was elected F.R.S. Author of *An Introduction to the Newtonian Philosophy*, *The Collision of Bodies*, etc.

<sup>49</sup> *Carpite de plenis*, etc.: Ovid, *Amores*, I, x, l. 55.

<sup>50</sup> *Welstead and Dennis*: Leonard Welsted (1689-1747), poet and journalist (v. *Works*, ed. John Nichols, 1787). An enemy of Pope's, to whom his *Triumvirate* gave special offence (1718). Cf. *Dunciad*, II, III.

John Dennis (1657-1734) was a dramatist, critic, poet ('Omicron the unborn poet', *Tatler*, No. 62), and 'perverter of history' (*Critical History of England*). He was severe as a critic, and his remarks on Pope's *Essay on Criticism* secured him a place in the *Dunciad* (q.v. I, II, III).

<sup>51</sup> Dryden's lines, beginning:

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,

were placed under White's engraving of Milton in the Folio ed. of *Paradise Lost*, 1688.

<sup>52</sup> *Rock*: Dr. Rock, one of the advertising quacks of the time, who sold an infallible liquor for the itch at the sign of the Hand and Face, Water Lane, Blackfriars. This preparation and the 'Viper Drops' are advertised in *The London Daily Advertiser*, No. 431, etc.

<sup>53</sup> *Cibber*: Colley (1671-1757), son of a sculptor; playwright, actor, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and poet laureate. Wrote *Love's Last Shift*, *The Careless Husband*, etc. The hero of *The Dunciad* (q.v. *passim*).

<sup>54</sup> *O te Bollane*, etc.: Horace, *Satires*, I, ix, 11. The gloss of Michael Brochard (whose edition of 1728 is warranted 'ab omni obscoenitate expurgata') runs: 'Nae tu felix es, Bollane, cuius cerebrum non obtundatur molestrom hominum loquacitate, quippe qui eos libere abigas'. Smart's application of the words to Hill seems, therefore, to be sarcastic.

<sup>55</sup> *officious writer*: i.e. Hill, who wrote *Thoughts Concerning God and Nature*, in reply to the doctrines of Bolingbroke.

<sup>56</sup> *Bobadil*: the boastful, cowardly *miles gloriosus* of Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* (English setting).

<sup>57</sup> *Oroonoko*, *Blandford*, etc.: Oroonoko is the title character in the play of that name by Thomas Southerne (1660-1746). Blandford is another character in the same play. Vanbrugh was the author of *The Provok'd Wife* (1697), and Lothario is a creation of Nicholas Rowe's (1674-1718) in *The Fair Penitent* (1703), though the name occurs in Davenant's *Cruel Brother* (1630). 'Captain' Blandford is incorrect: Woodward's letter accurately states that Mr. Cross the prompter 'finding you incapable of the *Hero*' (Oroonoko), '... good-natur'dly recommended the inferior Character of *Blandford* to your Inspection.'

<sup>58</sup> *He was damned*, etc.: This passage appeared in the article on Woodward's letter in *Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec. 1752.

<sup>59</sup> *The Theatre in Mayfair*: [?] Hallam's New Theatre. The presentment of the Grand Jury of Middlesex had called attention to this place in 1744, as one where there were

'usually great meetings of evil and disorderly persons'. Disraeli (*Calamities and Quarrels*) says that Hill was one of a band of strolling players at Mayfair.

<sup>60</sup> *Trumpeter*: see *Covent Garden Journal*, Nos. 71 and 72 (1752).

<sup>61</sup> *Rich*: John (1682?-1761), the celebrated theatre manager and pantomimist: he produced Gay's *Beggar's Opera* at Covent Garden in 1728. He was illiterate, but had a genius for pageantry and 'transformation' that was expressed adequately in his pantomimes (e.g. 'Harlequin, the Sorcerer', 'Harlequin Anna Bullen', etc.). See also Pope, *Dunci. III*, 261 ff.

<sup>62</sup> *Arne and Boyce*: Thomas Augustine Arne (1710-1778), the most eminent English composer of his age, and conductor both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His work was mostly operatic. His too well-known 'Rule Britannia' is from the masque of *Alfred* by Thomson and Mallet.

William Boyce (1710-1779) is known to-day as a composer of church music, but he wrote also for the theatre (e.g. music for Dryden's Secular Masque). He compiled the corpus or anthology known as 'Cathedral Music'.

## FABLES I AND VI

### TEXTUAL NOTE

Text: based on that of the Poems of the late Christopher Smart, M.A. (Reading, 1791). These are lively specimens of the satiric tale in octosyllabics (see Introduction).

### FABLE I

<sup>1</sup> *Quintilian*: M. Fabius Quintilianus (A.D. 40?-118), Roman rhetorician, whose chief work was *Institutiones Oratoriae*.

### FABLE VI

<sup>1</sup> *montant . . . passado*: Fencing terms: montant, an upright thrust; passado (or passada), a forward thrust while the fencer advances one foot. (Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, IV, vii, 74.)

## NIGHT

## TEXTUAL NOTE

The text is based on the edition of 1761: NIGHT | AN EPISTLE | TO | ROBERT LLOYD | BY THE AUTHOR.

A few small corrections, as occurring in later editions, are made, but 'th' approach' of Chalmers for 'approach' of *Poems*, 1761, 1767, 1769, Bell's 1782, etc., is not adopted. *PITT* (as in 1776) for *P*— and *WOMAN* (as in 1767) for — are supplied.

## NIGHT

This satire was occasioned by Armstrong's *A Day* (1761), certain lines of which gave offence to Churchill, although it does not seem that offence was intended. According to Gilfillan, the passage in question was the one containing the line:

What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit,  
but there are other lines of Armstrong's which seem to be rebutted in *Night*, e.g.

... Some indulge at night  
Their prudish Muse steals in by candle-light.

But happier you who court the early sun  
For morning visits no debauch draw on.

But Churchill's satire is much more than a mere attack on Armstrong. It develops with admirable strength the 'philosophic night-bird's' general view of life.

<sup>1</sup> *An Epistle*, etc.: on the title-page of 1761 ed. In the queer 1786 ed. (with notes by 'Shaver'), *Night* is called 'a satirical poem, addressed to Robert Lloyd'.

<sup>2</sup> *two*: corrected (1767, etc.) from 1761 edition's 'too'.

<sup>3</sup> *DOCTOR*: presumably Armstrong.

<sup>4</sup> *GALEN*: Galenus, Claudius, A.D. 131-200, of Pergamon, the second of the great physicians of antiquity—the other being Hippocrates, whom he followed in medical theory.

<sup>5</sup> *Rev'rend merit*: Referring to the Rev. William Sellon of St. James', Clerkenwell, who was at Westminster with Churchill and Lloyd. See also *The Ghost*, iii, 741.

<sup>6</sup> *doctors call*: See note on DOCTOR above.

<sup>7</sup> *fifty cannot feed*: cf. *Hamlet*, IV, iv.

*Capt.* We go to gain a little patch of ground  
That hath in it no profit but the name.

<sup>8</sup> **WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.** Humorously following Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle I, last line:

One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**,  
and Epistle IV, l. 394.

<sup>9</sup> *Some years ago*: referring to the Window Tax, which was sanctioned in 1695, and increased during the eighteenth century; an additional tax was levied as from April 5, 1762.

<sup>10</sup> *venal clan*, etc.: The note in Aldine edition runs: 'Alluding to the precautions adopted by government after the rebellion of 1745, and to some difficulties which occurred in carrying into effect Mr. Pitt's measure, proposed in 1757, for raising 2000 men in the Highlands of Scotland for the British service in America'.

<sup>11</sup> *th' approach*: as in Chalmers: 'approach', 1761, 1786, etc.

<sup>12</sup> *retire with Pitt*: referring to the dramatic resignation of Pitt, with Lord Temple, on October 5, 1761.

## DEDICATION TO THE SERMONS

Text: based on the 'Proof sheets given Mr. Wilkes by Mr. Churchill at Boulogne' (in Brit. Mus.). The proof sheets contain several of Churchill's satires, with MS. corrections in his and Wilkes' handwriting; the corrections to *The Dedication* are in Wilkes'.

<sup>1</sup> *Great GLOSTER*. See *D.N.B.* and Johnson's *Life of Pope*. The following brief note will explain certain points in this satire:

William Warburton (1698-1779) was articled to John

Kirke, an attorney, for five years from 1714. 'But you, my lord, renounc'd attorneyship': he decided to take orders, and was ordained in 1723. Early in his literary career he sided with Theobald against Pope, and showed 'where Pope was wrong, and Shakespeare was not right',—for he was associated with Theobald in Shakespearian research, and,—so Furness hints—stole some of Theobald's emendations. Later on, shifting his ground, he expressed contempt for Theobald (who was the better Shakespearian scholar of the two). In 1738-9, 'whatever was his motive' (Johnson), he defended Pope's *Essay on Man* against the attack of Crousaz; and the two became friends. Through Pope he met Ralph Allen of Prior Park, near Bath, and, marrying his favourite niece, became 'Allen's heir'—a very good thing to be. Allen helped him towards the Gloucester bishopric (1759). Wilkes playfully attributed to Warburton the notes of his *Essay on Woman*, and Warburton, at Lord Sandwich's suggestion, made a speech against Wilkes in the House of Lords.

Churchill was, of course, biassed on behalf of his friend Wilkes; but there seems to be some justification for his taking Warburton as the type of the not very scrupulous social climber. Johnson when in Scotland referred ironically to Warburton's rise (*v. Boswell, Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*).

<sup>2</sup> *Those sheep*: Churchill succeeded his father in the curacy of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster (Aldine ed. note).

<sup>3</sup> As amended in MS. to replace a misprinted couplet:

Whiche accents of rebuke could nevr bear,  
Nor would have heeded Christ, had Christ been there.

<sup>4</sup> *Recall that day*: i.e. the day on which Warburton made his speech against Wilkes in the Lords.

<sup>5</sup> *POTTER*: Thomas, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who actually wrote the notes for Wilkes' *Essay*.

<sup>6</sup> *Demas*: cf. 2 Timothy, 4, 10, 'Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world', etc.

<sup>7</sup> *MANSFIELD*: Lord Mansfield, Solicitor-General in 1746. He obtained for Warburton (who was introduced to him by Pope) the preachership at Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>8</sup> *Forget*, etc.: this couplet is added in MS. in the proofs—presumably from a damaged or destroyed page.

<sup>9</sup> Chalmers' edition has this note:

Cætera desunt.

It is presumed that the sudden death of the author will sufficiently apologise for the DEDICATION remaining unfinished.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

## THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757

### TEXTUAL NOTE

The 1672 edition, 'printed for the Author . . . by Dryden Leach', \* has been used for the text of this poem. Quotation marks have been added when it appeared necessary.

### GENERAL NOTE

This entertaining account of 'bourgeois' essays in culture reflects the variations from the purer classicism, that became more evident in matters of 'taste' as the century progressed. The elaborately 'natural' landscape garden, the clumsy experiments in Gothic or Chinese styles of building, had evidently passed by this time from fashion to popularity.

A study of Dr. Manwaring's *Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England* (1925) and Mr. Hussey's *The Picturesque* (1927) will enable the reader to extract a fuller enjoyment from this poem.

<sup>1</sup> *Vos sapere, etc.* : Horace, *Epist. XV*, 44-45.

<sup>2</sup> *Gothic, or Chinese*: The Gothic taste in laying out 'estates' was codified as early as 1728 by Batty Langley (1696-1751), who designed Gothic ruins for the purpose, and published his *New Principles of Gardening* in that year.

The Chinese fashion was popularised somewhat later than the Gothic. Halfpenny (see below) practised both; but the most eminent of the exploiters of Chinoiserie was Sir William Chambers (1726-1796), author of *A Dissertation on Oriental*

\* Who figures in Cuthbert Shaw's satiric poem, *The Race* (1766).

*Gardening*, 1772); his Pagoda at Kew was constructed 1761-2.

<sup>3</sup> *Halfpenny*: William (fl. 1752), alias Michael Hoare, architect and carpenter. He was caught up into the Gothic-Chinese movement and published *Rural Architecture in the Gothic Taste* (1752) and *Chinese and Gothic Architecture properly ornamented*.

<sup>4</sup> *a taste*: cf. note to *Hilliad* on 'Visto', p. 200.

## TO \*\*\*\* ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES

### TEXTUAL NOTE

Text: as for *The Cit's Country Box*.

General note. The poem is a useful companion to *The Cit's Country Box*, as it shows the literary side of those variations of taste previously mentioned; the tentatives of the Miltonic and Spenserian schools, of which Thomson was chief pedant; and so forth.

## LETTERS FROM THE NEW BATH GUIDE

### TEXTUAL NOTE

After comparing the 4to Cambridge ed., 1766 with the 2nd (8vo) Cambridge ed., 1766 I have used the latter, which, while it retains the typographical arrangement of the 4to, is more accurate.

A small correction in 1830 ed. (Letter XV, *q.v.*) is adopted.

The 'captions' in 8vo are more adequate than those in 4to.

### LETTER IV

<sup>1</sup> B—N—R—D: *i.e.* Blunderhead.

<sup>2</sup> NEW—LE and B—E: Newcastle and Bute, as in later editions. See also Introduction, pp. 8, 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Tenesmus*: straining, *e.g.* of the bowels.

<sup>4</sup> *Plicae*: folds in the skin.

<sup>5</sup> *Apozem*: a decoction or infusion.

<sup>6</sup> *Piper*: a gurnard.

## LETTER VI

<sup>1</sup> *Hod'mandod*: a snail.

<sup>2</sup> *Judge BANE*: 1766 4to, 'Judge SCRUB'.

<sup>3</sup> *Bladud*: cf. *Pickwick Papers*, chap. 36.

## LETTER XIII

'Captions' not in 1766 4to.

<sup>1</sup> *Spring Gardens*: Simpson's Spring Gardens at Lincomb, a fashionable resort of the time.

<sup>2</sup> *Alexander*, etc.: cf. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*. Anstey is here facetiously recalling certain episodes and lines (e.g. 'and seems to shake the spheres') in this poem.

<sup>3</sup> *Kind Gods*: 'all the Gods', 1766 4to.

<sup>4</sup> *Jupiter Ammon*: Alexander, when in Egypt, was saluted as the son of Jupiter Ammon by the priests of that deity.

<sup>5</sup> *Abel*: Karl Friedrich (1725-1787), composer and player on the viol de gamba; in conjunction with J. C. Bach he gave concerts at Carlisle House (see note below).

<sup>6</sup> *Carlisle's*: Teresa Cornelys, who came to London in 1756, bought this house, which was situated in Soho Square. It became a resort for the balls and masquerades which were provided for subscribers; and more serious concerts took place there as well. Later on its reputation sank, and it was broken up in 1788.

<sup>7</sup> *Almanac's*: presumably Almack's, a place of public amusement—chiefly dancing. (Cf. *Advertiser*, November 12, 1768: 'Mr. Almack humbly begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the Assembly in King Street, St. James's, that the first meeting will be Thursday, 24th inst. N.B. Tickets are ready to be delivered at the Assembly Room.')

<sup>8</sup> *Naiad*: 1766 4to has misprint 'Naid'.

## LETTER XIV

<sup>1</sup> *Anstey's note.* This book was written by George Lavington, Bishop of Exeter (pub. 1749-54), against the *Extravagant freaks of Methodism*. It is a hard-hitting attack, with passages of breezy, ironical humour. The Bishop compares Wesley to a diving duck, and demonstrates that the spirit animating Methodism is closely analogous to that which prevailed in pre-Christian phallic rites.

## LETTER XV

<sup>1</sup> Caption 'The distress of the Family' omitted in 4to.

## YOUNG: SATIRE V, ON WOMEN

Pp. 62, 63; ll. 179-196: *Lemira's* sick, etc.: probably an expansion of an idea in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, V, 19-20:

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old-age away.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

This short bibliography does not include details of published works other than satirical. For the sake of students who are not bibliophiles, collections of poets are mentioned.

### ANSTEY, CHRISTOPHER.

*The New Bath Guide*, 1st ed., 1766, Cambridge; 2nd ed., 1766, Cambridge (see textual note). Numerous later editions.

— With biographical and topographical preface, 1830 (by Britton). (Hurst, Chance & Co.)

*The Poetical Works of the Late Christopher Anstey. With Some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, John Anstey, Esq.*, 1808.

### CHURCHILL, CHARLES.

*Night, an Epistle to R. Lloyd*, 1761.

*Night*, a satire . . . with notes by the Shaver,\* 1786. (Also in *Cabinet of Poetry*, vol. v, 1808.)

*Poems*. London, 1763.

*Works*, 4 vols., Dublin, 1764-5, and, after various reprints, that of 1769, 'to which is added the life of the Author': and of 1776, 'with large corrections and additions'. Also Chalmers' and Aldine editions.

See I. Williams, *Seven Eighteenth Century Bibliographies*.†

\* J. MacGowan: his notes have little value.

† I have refrained from using this—*conscia mens recti*. . . !

## DODSLEY, ROBERT.

1. *The Muse in Livery*. London, 1732. See textual note.
2. Second Edition, 1732. See textual note.
3. *Poetical Works*. Chalmers, Anderson.

## LLOYD, ROBERT.

*Poems*. London, 1762.

*Poems*, 1774 (2 vols.). London, Kenrick ed.  
And in Chalmers (1790) and Anderson (1793).

(*The Cit's Country Box* also in *Cabinet of Poetry*, vol. v, 1808.)

## SAVAGE, RICHARD.

*London and Bristol Compar'd*, 1744.

*The Works of Richard Savage*, 1775. (With Johnson's Life.)

*The Poems of Richard Savage*, 1779. (Johnson's Poets.)

## SMART, CHRISTOPHER.

1. *The Hilliad, An Epic Poem. To which are prefixed, copious prolegomena, and notes variorum, particularly those of Quinibus Flestrin, Esq., and Martinus Macularius, M.D.* London, 1753. (See textual note.)

2. —— 1790, in Dilly's *Repository* (see textual note).  
*The Poems of the Late Christopher Smart, to which is prefixed an account of his life and writings, etc.* 2 vols., Reading, 1791.

Also in Johnson and Anderson.

## YOUNG, EDWARD.

1. *The Universal Passion* (satires published as from 1725). See textual note.
2. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion in seven characteristical Satires*. [By E. Y.], 1728. See textual note. Reprints, 1730, 1731, ?1740, 1741, 1752.
3. Works. *The Poetical Works of the Rev. E. Y.* 2 vols., London, 1741. Also, 1752.

4. *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts, corrected by himself.* 4 vols., Dublin, 1764. (See textual note.)  
Also 1767 (London) and 1770 (Edinburgh). And in Chalmers; and see Mitford's Life of Young in Aldine ed.

The following books may also prove to be of interest:

Shelley, H. C.: *Life and Letters of Edward Young*. 1914.

Makower, S. V.: *Richard Savage: a Mystery in Biography*. 1909.

Straus, R.: *Robert Dodsley*. 1910.

Blunden, E.: (Foreword to) Smart's *Song to David*. 1924.

Forster, J.: *Charles Churchill*. 1855.

Putsch, F.: *Charles Churchill, Sein Leben und Seine Werke*. Wien, 1909.

Chancellor, E. B.: *The Lives of the Rakes*, vol. iv. (Churchill, Lloyd, Wilkes). 1925.